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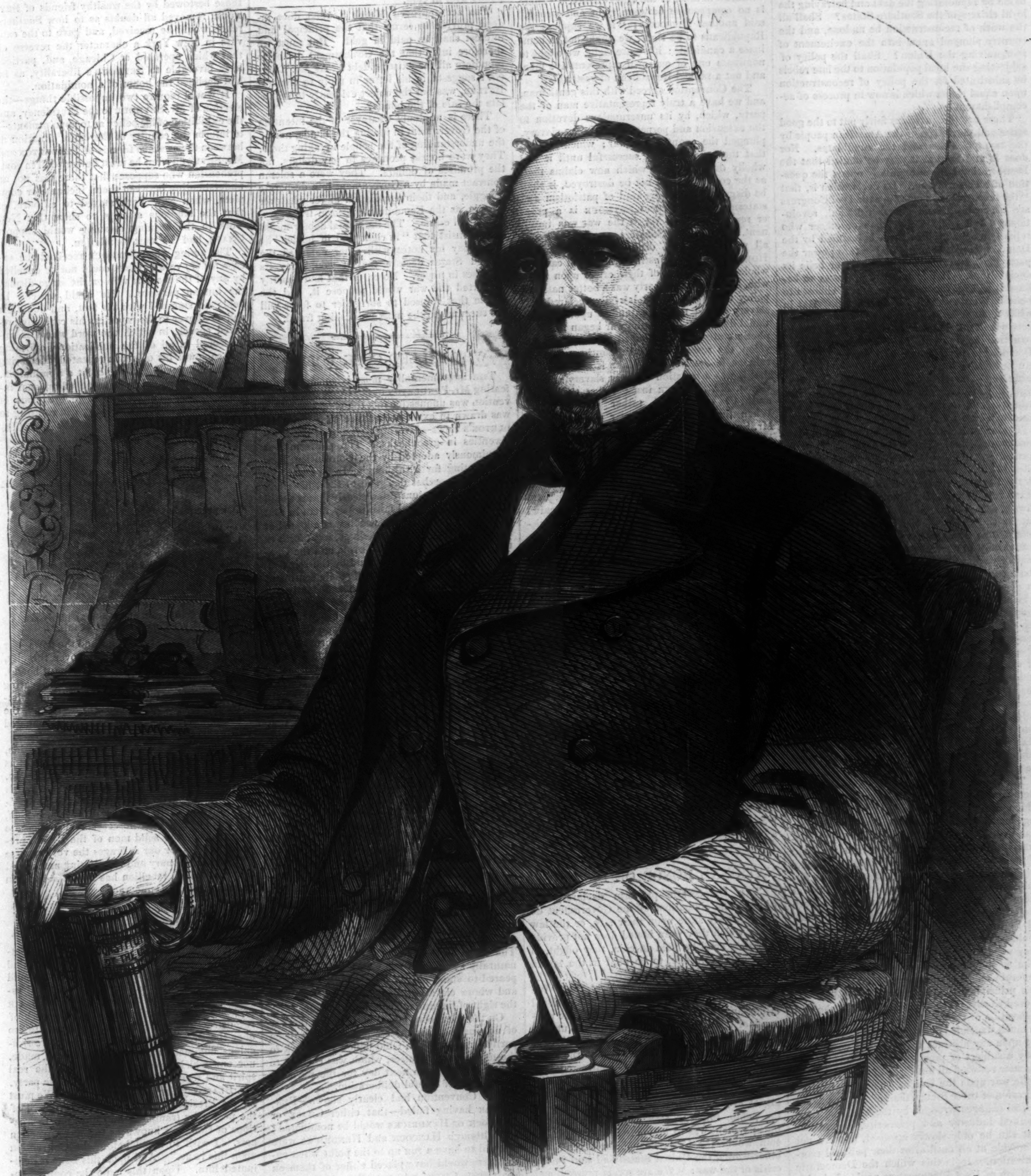


HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 468.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 25, 1868.

THE GREAT ISSUE.

THE Democratic Convention of 1864 declared the war a failure. The loyal people scorned the words and fought on to an unconditional victory. The Democratic Convention of 1868 declares that the war debt shall be repudiated. And their words will be equally spurned by the same honorable people. In 1864 upon a platform of surrender to rebellion the Democrats nominated the conspicuous military failure of the war. In 1868, upon a platform of repudiation, they nominate a pure Copperhead. In 1864 the men who thought it possible to prevent a victory directed the Convention. In 1868 the same men who think there is at least a chance of disgracing the victors controlled it. There is no doubt as to the issues of the campaign. Shall the ex-rebels and their political allies dishonor the national name by repudiating the debt and betraying the loyal citizens of the Southern States? Shall all the work of reconstruction be undone, and the country plunged anew into the excitement of reorganizing the Union? Shall the policy of subjecting the loyal population to the late rebels be substituted for the policy of reconstruction upon equal rights which is now in process of accomplishment?

These are the questions fairly put to the good sense and patriotism of the American people by the two platforms and the candidates. Nor does it matter that it may be denied that the Democratic platform explicitly opens the question of reconstruction. Its declaration is, that "the reconstruction acts (so called) of Congress are usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void." Any man or officer who refuses to acknowledge them is justified by the Democratic platform. Coming into power the party must treat those acts as void or belie its declarations. If it acts as it professes to believe it will set the acts aside. If it chooses to belie its words, it will let them stand. But in what manner is it likely to respect or enforce acts which it denounces as void? If the reconstruction acts are to be overthrown, let the Democratic party come into power. If they are to remain, which will most honorably maintain them—the party which believes in the principle they embody, or that which derides the principle and declares them usurpations, revolutionary, and void?

The attentive and reflective reader will also remark that, according to the Democratic platform, the present situation of the country, if not altogether what might be wished, is wholly due to the Republican party. That men like Wade Hampton and N. B. Forrest and General Hoke, and a hundred other rebel officers who sat in the Convention, have directly or indirectly done any thing to disturb the national tranquillity or increase the public debt, is not remotely suggested. But words were feeble in the mouths of the Committee upon Resolutions to describe the enormous offenses of a party which had led the country in its noble and triumphant resistance to the rebellion, whether in the field or in Copperhead councils; which has removed the unspeakable stain from the national character, and which, without a stroke of vengeance, has restored the Union upon the enduring principles of liberty and justice. It has not made Wade Hampton and his companions the arbiters of the fate of their loyal neighbors; and the Democratic party, which four years ago clamored for surrender to Wade Hampton and Forrest and Hoke, now denounces the party that prevented the surrender, and that honors all loyal men in the land.

The issue of reconstruction raised by the Democratic Convention is precisely that for which Andrew Johnson has been contending; namely, that when the rebellion in arms was overthrown the only national right whatever within the recovered States was the right of prosecuting for treason, and that every State might reorganize itself as it chose. The Republican ground of reconstruction is, that as there was no authority left in any Southern State after the surrender but that of the United States, no step toward civil government could be taken but by their authority, and that they were bound in reorganizing the States to take such measures as emancipation and the general welfare of the country required. Upon this principle the Government proceeded. It moved slowly, for only gradually could the real disposition of the Southern States, upon which so much depended, be ascertained. It did not act upon any abstract theory, for it was peculiarly a subject of practical statesmanship. It has now restored all but three of the States that made war upon the Union. The complete pacification of those States, their adaptation to the radical changes wrought by the war, and their renewed industry and prosperity, are results that can be only slowly attained, but are not attainable at all until after their political reorganization. It is this which the Democratic platform of 1868 denounces as void. It is this which the American people will sustain precisely as they sustained the war, against the declaration of the Democratic platform of 1864 that it was a failure.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

Mr. Horatio Seymour has written two letters positively declining to be a candidate for the Presidency. In the delegation of the State he formally and pointedly withdrew his name. In the Convention he announced that his personal honor required him to refuse to allow his name to be mentioned. Yet we presume that there was no one familiar with New York politics, or with Mr. Seymour's public career, who did not know that he was a candidate: and that fact is illustrative of the man.

The nomination is a signal triumph of the New York Managers, as the platform is of the Pendletonians. When it was suggested that Mr. Seymour was not unfavorable to Chase, an astute observer asked, "Are you quite sure of it?" He, evidently, was not, and he laughed at the excessive greenness of the *Herald* in supposing that Mr. Seymour would seriously withdraw in favor of the Chief Justice. "There is no compromise between right and wrong," said another Democrat; "if we suppose the Republicans to be right, we ought not to nominate a candidate: if we are right, we ought to nominate one of our own representative men, and not a radical Republican of yesterday."

The Convention agreed with this gentleman, and we have a truly representative man of the party, which, by its unscrupulous devotion to the extension and perpetuity of human slavery, plunged the country into war; which insisted that the rebellion was successful until it was wholly defeated, and which now claims that, as the country would not be destroyed, it shall be disgraced. Of this kind of patriotism and statesmanship Horatio Seymour is a proper representative. When the war was imminent, and the rebel Senators were seceding and all was doubt and darkness and confusion, Horatio Seymour justified them, and cast the whole responsibility of their crime upon those who, believing that liberty was a better national policy than slavery, had lawfully declared that slavery should not be extended upon the national domain. When the war began this prophetic statesman announced that it would develop the resources of the South and prove ruinous to the North. When it became clear that it was a question between slavery and the Union, Mr. Seymour insisted that the Union must be surrendered rather than slavery. When the agony of the war was extremest Mr. Seymour, then Governor, came to the city of New York, and in a public speech derided the patriotic hopes of the country, and instigated a mob against the Government then engaged in drafting men. He presided at the Convention which urged surrender to the rebellion. Rejected by the people as Governor, he appeared at Democratic Conventions after the final victory of Grant and the Union army to denounce the party that had sustained the war, and to instill in the public mind the idea that the war debt was a wicked creation of the Republican party, and that the taxation was the result of Republican misrule and not of the rebellion. No word of encouragement to loyal men in the field fighting for their country—no syllable of sympathy with four millions of human beings held in the most hopeless slavery by his countrymen—no declaration of any great, generous, humane principle of public and national action, has ever fallen from the lips of this man, trained from his youth to politics and to public speaking. A plausible politician, an unscrupulous partisan, the obsequious servant of the only aristocratic class in the country, the flatterer of the laboring man, and the stigmatizer of labor, Mr. Seymour is the fit candidate of a party which, in its prime, sought to make of the American Republic a vast slave empire; and in its decadence, still inspired by the spirit of slavery, seeks to perpetuate class hatreds, and to govern the country unjustly.

NATIONAL HONOR OR DISHONOR.

The Democratic platform declares, that where "the obligations of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide that they shall be paid in coin, they ought, in right and in justice, to be paid in the lawful money of the United States."

The Republican platform declares, that "We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime, and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted."

Which of these is honorable, and which dishonorable? What was the explicit understanding of every person who invested a dollar in the public funds? Had any body suggested that payment was to be made in any thing but coin would the loans have been taken? In other words, the United States had said in the crisis of the war: "We are sorely pressed, and we must be ruined if we can not get money. If any body will lend us money we will pay him in paper," could the money have been raised?

But it is not a matter of conjecture. In a dark hour Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, did propose that the principal and interest of the pending loan should be paid in paper. He was promptly overruled; yet his bare proposition was a serious disaster to the public credit.

Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, said distinctly in 1864, that it was the purpose of the Government to pay the Five-Twenties, "like other bonds of the United States, in coin."

Mr. M'Culloch, Secretary of the Treasury, said in 1867: "I consider the faith of the Government pledged to pay the Five-Twenty bonds, when they are paid, in coin;" and he speaks of "the express understanding" under which the loan was negotiated.

The authorized Government agents every where urged investment in the bonds, because they were payable in gold.

It has always been the practice of the Government to pay the principal and interest of the public debt in coin.

The act approved March 8, 1863, does indeed provide in terms that the principal and interest shall be paid in gold. But must we therefore infer that the Government meant to repudiate all the existing debt? As Mr. Endicott suggests, in his letter in reply to General Butler, was not the object evidently to stimulate the sale of the bonds?

There is no doubt whatever of the intention of the Government in issuing the bonds, nor of the understanding of the people in taking them. They were honest promises to pay dollars, not the promises of dollars. They were a solemn contract made by a Government in a desperate struggle, and their repudiation under whatever form is, as the Republican platform truly says, a national crime. The individual debtor might as well insist that "in right and in justice" he might pay his notes with other notes as the United States declare that it would pay its promises in paper. No party that had heartily supported the war would propose it, and the people that refused to surrender to force will not succumb to the most unblushing fraud.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

The instrumentality most important in defeating Mr. Pendleton in the Democratic Convention was unquestionably the platform, which was drawn in exact accordance with Mr. Pendleton's views—favoring payment of the Five-Twenties in greenbacks. The platform was unanimously adopted by the Convention, New York voting for it, although Mr. Seymour, in important speeches designed to show his exact position, had demonstrated clearly that it would be a violation of good faith to pay them in that manner. The platform, which was adopted at an early stage of the proceedings, went forth as the sentiment of Mr. Pendleton, and the Convention was then held in hand by the reins of the New York delegation until public sentiment against the measure had been sufficiently collected. Bondholders universally pronounced against it, the bonds receded in every market, and the conviction became wide-spread that it would be fatal to put upon the platform the candidate to whose views it had been made to conform with careful precision. Investigation into this subject will probably show that this was a part of the deep-laid scheme by which the only eminent opposer of that policy among all the candidates was finally selected for the honor. If Mr. Seymour had intended while making his speeches against repudiation to have the platform constructed in conformity with his views, a contest in the Committee on Resolutions or before the Convention itself would have taken place, and no doubt with success; but as this was not done, and Mr. Seymour was careful to inform the public of his distinct views, it may safely be assumed that it was with no other design than to influence the Convention in his behalf at the vital moment when the unpopularity and danger of the platform should be made to appear, and when from this apparent cause the Convention was about to name as its standard-bearer one of the candidates, Chase, Hendricks, or Hancock, with whom the Pendleton strength had been tried in open contest. The resort on the part of the latter would then naturally be to some one who had stood or appeared to stand aloof from the fierce struggle, and whose elevation would leave to the West the right of naming the candidate in July, 1872.

On the afternoon immediately before the day of nomination this matter had doubtless been partly arranged when Ohio joined New York in the motion of the latter, which was carried, to adjourn over to the next day for the purpose, it was said, of careful deliberation.

The Convention had clearly shown—Pendleton having failed—that either Chase or Hancock or Hendricks would be nominated; and although Hancock and Hendricks were allowed to have a run up to the point when enthusiasm would have placed either of them on the ticket, Chase was not allowed this privilege, because the applause had been so vociferous and hearty on the announcement of a vote for him as to show too great danger. The handling of the Convention here was masterly, and as Chase was the supposed certain nominee of New York, no thought was entertained that the motion to adjourn had been made in the interest of the President of the Convention, but on the contrary that it was dictated by a lofty unselfishness.

Seymour had been overslaughed at Chicago—the social influences there all being against him as was the outside and gallery sentiment—and it was determined that the next Convention should be held at New York, where these influences might be reversed. The invitation to the Southern Democracy to participate was so general as to exclude no one, whatever his position in the war, and was carried out in the spirit of the most generous hospitality. At the grand dinner at the Manhattan Club—paid for in part doubtless out of the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars made by the city for fire-works!—ten, we are told, of the largest salmon were served whole, and it is said over three hundred bottles of Champagne were used. These attentions, not less grateful than were those bestowed by the wealthy friends of Seymour, removed all doubts as to how Southern rebels would be received, and gave to the canvass in New York a character the reverse of that which operated at Chicago, and, particularly favorable to Seymour's liberality, as he had declined the honor of a nomination.

It would require two impossible things—the election of Mr. Seymour to the Presidency, and the exhibition of his policy as to appointments—to inform the country of the exact situation as between the *quondam* friends of Pendleton and Mr. Seymour; but he must be very dull in comprehension who supposes that there was not an understanding between them, inchoate or complete, when New York moved to adjourn, or that the studious attempt to show that New York in the ensuing morning would support Chase, had the least foundation.

The acting when Seymour received the *unexpected* (?) vote of Ohio, could not be excelled by any of the masters who on the stage display the human passions. He could scarcely be held; he stamped with his feet, and doubtless delivered over to the reporters his carefully prepared speech, in which the word *meant* is underscored in all of the publications, affirming that such was his object in repeatedly declaring that he did not intend to accept a nomination. We are also treated to a scene of unusual interest when Seymour, locked in the arms of Tilden, was observed in tears, still refusing to serve:

> "Do, good my lord, the citizens entreat you."
> [*Says the West.*]
> "Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love."
> [*Says the well-filled South.*]
> "Will you [*says Seymour*] enforce me to a world of cares?
> I am not made of stone,
> But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
> [*Continues to shed tears.*]
> Albeit against my conscience and my soul.
> Since you *will* buckle fortune on my back,
> To bear her burden whe'r I will or no,
> I must have patience to endure the load:
> But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
> Attend the sequel of your imposition,
> Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
> From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
> For God doth know, and you may partly see,
> How far I am from the desire of this."

The wires had scarcely flashed the news—for such it was—of his nomination over the city, when a vehicle, drawn by eight elegant horses, heralded by a loud bell, was observed, bearing a *well-dried* placard, in large, well-painted letters, announcing that Horatio Seymour, the favorite son of New York, had been nominated and would be elected to the Presidency!

A more perfect exhibition of manipulation, commencing with the selection of this city as the place for the assembling of the Convention, has never been presented in any country. It stands in powerful contrast with the proceedings of the Republican Convention, which, guided by the wise forecast and deliberate judgment of the solid men of the Union, presented names for our suffrages the very reverse of the revolutionary and repudiating names and doctrines which rebellion has thus put forth in the name of the Democracy.

WHAT GENERAL BLAIR WANTS.

The country will see in General Blair's letter, published during the Convention, the kind of President which the Democratic party would provide in the event of the removal of the President whom it hopes to elect. General Blair proposes to undo by force of arms the work of reconstruction, and "to compel the Senate" to obey the President. A weaker and more ridiculous nomination could not have been made, nor one which reveals more plainly the real spirit and secret hope of the Democratic party. Mr. Blair says, on the 30th of June, "We must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress known as the reconstruction acts. I wish to stand before the Convention upon this issue." And upon this issue it nominated him. Upon this issue the country, intent upon equal rights and peace and prosperity, will vehemently reject General Blair and his civil war.

AND MR. CHASE—?

ON the twenty-first ballot, in a Convention which on the twenty-second nominated one of the most conspicuous Copperheads in the country, Mr. CHASE received four votes, having previously received half a vote in each of five ballots. If he had said and done and written nothing to affect the result; if, honoring his great office and his own character and career, he had been as satisfied with them as the country was gratefully mindful of them, the introduction of his name into a conclave of those who would gladly disgrace a people they could not subdue, would not be an ineradicable stain upon his fame.

But the master passion of the Chief Justice has destroyed the respect and confidence of those who have long honored and followed him. Was it not enough to have been one of the great senatorial chiefs who overthrew the grinding tyranny of slavery—to have been the skillful Secretary of the Treasury during the war—to be, in his prime of life, Chief Justice of the United States? Was it worth while to renounce the respect of the great party that is founding the Government impregnably upon justice and liberty in order to secure four votes in a Convention that was balloting for PENDLETON and ASA PACKER and finally nominated HORATIO SEYMOUR and FRANK BLAIR?

The late political history of the country is full of the most instructive and painful warnings. The three most conspicuous names among the statesmen of the last generation were WEBSTER, CLAY, and SEWARD. They all fixed their hearts upon the Presidency; they were all disappointed, and their disappointment overpowered them. HENRY CLAY pursued the phantom of the Presidency for a generation. The DANIEL WEBSTER of 1820 became the WEBSTER of the 7th of March, 1850. The WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD of the prairie speeches of 1860 became the flatterer of ANDREW JOHNSON for his ribald speech of December 22, 1865. To this melancholy list the name of SALMON P. CHASE is now added.

> "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
> By that sin fell the angels."

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE Freedmen's Bureau has always been an object of Democratic hatred; but no institution was ever more imperatively necessary, and none has been more useful. Naturally a party which was steadily hostile to the abolition of slavery loudly clamored for the abolition of any system of defense for the emancipated class. But there is no doubt whatever that the war of races which that party has prophesied and encouraged, and which it would gladly have seen begun in the hope of the extermination of a race guilty of a colored skin, has been prevented by no means so powerful as that of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The war left the late slaves free among a population that had always despised them as a servile race, and that now hated them as men who had loved and trusted the Government. The freedmen had the habit of dependence which a severe system of slavery develops. They had no resource, no hope whatever, but their labor, in a region where all the land belonged to the employers, and all the employers were their enemies. The circumstances of their emancipation were a constant exasperation to the late master class that waited only for the moment to reduce them again to some kind of peonage or to actual slavery. The laws in regard to the freedmen, that these masters passed with the support of the President, were infamous. They were spiteful and inhuman. Had there been no friendly and powerful hand ready to interfere, had the slaves freed by the war been left wholly, as the Democratic party and the President desired, to the tender mercies of their late masters, and had some bold leader appeared among them, as undoubtedly he would, they would not have submitted without a desperate struggle to the doom intended for them.

The Freedmen's Bureau was the conscience and common-sense of the country stepping between the hostile parties and saying to them, with irresistible authority, "Peace!" The country had made the slaves free. It recognized them as men. It had seen their unswerving and heroic fidelity to the cause of the Union, knowing it to be that of their recovered liberty. It resolved that the only way to develop manhood is to treat men as men. It therefore stood between the freedmen and starvation and cruel laws, meanwhile giving them arms and schools and civil and political equality, that they might start fair in the common race. Through the quiet force of the Bureau the hostile class at the South has felt the perpetual presence of the will and power of the American people. The Bureau charities of direct relief of food have been shared by all the destitute of every color, and meanwhile its organizing hand has helped to arrange labor upon the new basis, to compose disputes, to accustom the whole population to the new order. Its service in this respect has been incalculable.

It must be remembered that the danger of a bloody disturbance of the settlement of the war in regard to the freedmen has never been upon the side of the late slaves, but of their masters. Despised and outraged as they have been, the anarchical element was not the race that was said to be imbruted and degraded by slavery; it was that which claimed to be the superior and master race. The crimes of the freedmen have been under the circumstances so few as scarcely to be noted. Their industry in labor and their devotion to education have been so striking as to gain perpetual honor. While the late rebels at the South were passing their black-codes intended to restore as much of slavery as possible, and the Copperheads at the North were declaiming about the barbarization and Africanization of the Southern States—as if liberty were more barbarizing than slavery—the freedmen were filling nearly four thousand schools, and themselves supporting more than a thousand of them. Old and young were busily studying; the increase of general intelligence among them has been remarkable; and as General HOWARD says—who, as Chief of the Bureau, and a most sagacious friend of the freedmen, and untiring worker for them, has the best opportunity of knowing—"the hopes of the warmest friends of the freedmen have been more than fulfilled. The future is full of promise for the entire race redeemed from bondage and ignorance."

Except for the Freedmen's Bureau, keeping the peace with intelligence and authority, organizing labor, establishing schools, saving the white population from the consequences of their own ferocity, it is easy to imagine how fearful would have been the condition of the Southern States during the period between the end of the war and the establishment of loyal governments. And now that those States are resuming their old relations in the Union, and for the first time with truly Republican governments, Congress is providing that the Bureau, which was in its nature temporary, shall cease its work. It has taught the freedmen that they are citizens of a government which recognizes their equal manhood. It has taught the late master class that all men have rights which must be respected. Clad in the armed authority of the United States, it has been a true minister of peace; and as the occasion for its service disappears, the Freedmen's Bureau passes into history with that highest crown of praise, the pious gratitude of the poor and unfortunate.

A. H. STEPHENS SPEAKS FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

THE most impudent event in the Democratic Convention was the offering by Mr. WRIGHT, of Delaware, of a series of resolutions from ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, the second civil officer of the late rebellion. This gentleman, although disapproving the particular movement for secession at the time it was made, was one of the most devoted of secessionists. His speech upon retiring from Congress shows as intense a hostility to the Union, unless controlled by the Southern slave power, as any speech of JEFFERSON DAVIS; nor is his later and inhuman boast of a government built upon the most revolting injustice as the corner-stone ever to be forgotten. A subject of the clemency of the government which he had spent his best energies to destroy, Mr. STEPHENS might properly remain profoundly silent at this time. But a convention of those who had sympathized with him and had declared him and his confederates successful was too tempting an opportunity. He was sure of an enthusiastic welcome from an assembly of which WADE HAMPTON, FORREST, VALLANDIGHAM, HORATIO SEYMOUR, and their companions, were members; nor was he disappointed.

Mr. STEPHENS deliberately announced the Southern theory of the Union as the true theory, and repeated the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions by implication. He went on to talk of rescuing the Constitution of the United States—which for four years he has been trying to overthrow—from the hands of those who have maintained it and the national Union which it ordains. He proceeded to dictate to the Democratic party what view of the war it might be permitted to take; and then this man, whose life has been given him by the loyal people of the United States, with shameless and unspeakable effrontery, speaking for the rebel chiefs in the Convention, for JEFFERSON DAVIS and every red-handed murderer of Union men, deliberately declared that "we have neither thanks nor sympathy" for certain classes of loyal soldiers.

That baffled rebels should have no thanks for those who subdued them is not surprising; but that one of them should be suffered to express his hatred in the name of a great party without rebuke, and with loud applause, is sufficiently indicative of the character and sympathy of that party, and illustrative of the spirit of those who represent the late rebels. Impudent as it was, Mr. STEPHENS knew his men. He knew that, accustomed as they were to the haughty dictation of Southern leaders, he might transcend all bounds of honorable decency and be sure of the servile applause of the Democratic delegates. He was not mistaken. The resolutions were read. The Democratic report records that "a lively curiosity was manifested as to what the honored statesman of the Empire State of the South had said, or rather transmitted, to the body." When curiosity was satisfied by the reading admiration was expressed in "spontaneous and spirited applause." The allusion to the Union soldiers, and Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's censure of some of them, was called an "eloquent and liberal reference." It "produced the liveliest gratification, and aroused the most unexampled enthusiasm."

How grimly WADE HAMPTON, who in his speech a month ago at General LEE's College in Virginia said that "the lost cause" would yet triumph, must have smiled as he heard the view which the companion of JEFFERSON DAVIS chose to take of the war arousing the most unexampled enthusiasm of the Convention! No wonder that this unquailing believer in the final success of the cause for which he fought declared in his speech at the ratification meeting that "we have been inspired by but one single motive, the success of the Democratic party."

THE BONDHOLDING ARISTOCRACY.

THE Democratic platform, and orators, and papers, with the old Democratic policy of exciting the poor against the rich, and "the people" against the Government, not only insist upon paying the debt in paper, but demand what they call one currency for the laborer and the office-holder, the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bondholder. This is, of course, intended as "gag," and it is the very poorest kind. It is meant to suggest that there is a lazy and luxurious class of the community, a bloated aristocracy of bondholders, whom the virtuous and toiling "Democracy" are to bring to grief. It is worth while, therefore, to expose this aristocracy and privileged class which is fattening upon the life-blood of the nation. Who are these rascally fellows who are to be made to suffer?

Besides the three or four hundred millions of the bonds held abroad mainly in Germany, they are the investments of savings banks, of fire, marine, and life insurance companies, and of trust estates. As we have before stated, the savings banks in New York hold nearly fifty millions of dollars; in Massachusetts twenty-five millions, in Rhode Island thirteen millions, and so in other States. The Life Insurance Companies in the city of New York invest twenty millions of dollars in these funds; the Marine and Fire Insurance Companies about forty-six millions of dollars. The various Guarantee Companies in New York hold a hundred millions of United States stock. Probably, as a careful estimate in the *Evening Post* showed, at least two-thirds of the funds are owned by such Companies.

Having thus discovered where the money is, let us now inquire who are the proprietors of it—who are these lazy rogues that put money in the savings banks, and snap their fingers at the toiling "masses?" In the State of New York the depositors in the savings banks are nearly five hundred thousand in number, and in Massachusetts more than three hundred thousand. The *Post*, of which we have spoken, had before it a list of the occupations of the principal depositors in one of the savings banks of this State, and we find this body of Sybarites to be composed of persons who are even more laborious than delegates to a Democratic Convention. All the branches of hard-workers are represented in this army. The largest in number are domestic servants; then technical laborers; then seamstresses; 4th, clerks; 5th, tailors; 6th, waiters; and 7th, cartmen. This is the luxurious aristocracy which is to be brought low. These are the useless members of society who, having invested their all in the promises of the United States, are now to find those promises as valuable as brown paper if the Democrats can only persuade the people to repudiate.

It is against this pampered body, against domestics and seamstresses and clerks and waiters and cartmen—it is against the poorest and hardest working members of society that the Democratic Convention raises its cry of repudiation. When these persons invested in the Government bonds the Government told them they were to be paid in gold. "Pay 'em in paper," shout the Democratic leaders. When they took the bonds the Government declared them free from taxation. "Tax 'em roundly," cried the Democratic leaders. "But," plead the poor laborers, "we lent money to save the Government." "Ho! ho!" scream the Democratic chiefs, "didn't we tell the Government four years ago that it couldn't save itself and ought to surrender? If you trusted it you must pay the penalty."

If the people care so little about it that they permit the Democratic chiefs to obtain control of the Government they will pay the penalty, and they will deserve to pay it.

JOHN A. GRISWOLD.

IN the young prime of life, of unspotted character, of proved ability, of conspicuous patriotism, unfettered by cliques, generous, ardent, and persistent, JOHN A. GRISWOLD is the happy choice of the Republicans of New York as their candidate for Governor. Formerly a Democrat, he snapped every mere party tie when "Democrats" excused rebellion and derided the country striving for life. From that moment the country has had no more faithful friend, and liberty and progress no sincerer advocate. When the rebel guns were yet roaring against Sumter, Mr. GRISWOLD led a movement to place a regiment in the field; and when ERICSSON was looking for aid, Mr. GRISWOLD helped him build the *Monitor* just in time to sink the *Merrimac*.

When emancipation was proposed in Congress Mr. GRISWOLD cried Amen, and of every wise measure of reconstruction he has been among the foremost friends. To a certain frank nobility of nature he adds a striking capacity for affairs. Direct and honorable in all his dealings, he has that sound sense which inspires universal confidence. His nomination heals the dissensions which are always developed in a party long in power. His name is unhackneyed in the public mind with mere partisan contests or personal aspirations. It is worthily united with those of GRANT and COLFAX in the great struggle of which New York is to be the arena. It will be with them the rallying cry of all who believe that repudiation is "a crime against the national honor only surpassed by the crime of treason itself," as the resolution of the nominating Convention truly declares.

ELECTIONEERING IN THE SOUTH.

THE illustration upon page 468 is one of the most significant possible. It shows the newly-enfranchised citizens of the United States engaged in the discussion of political questions upon which they are to vote; and however crude the arguments of the orator may be, they can not be more so than those which may be heard every evening in the clubs of the "superior race" in the city of New York. The scene is wholly characteristic. The eager attention of the listeners, and the evidently glib tongue of the speaker, reveal that remarkable adaptability and readiness so observable in the colored race. They take naturally to peaceful and lawful forms; they are naturally eloquent; and instead of scoffing loftily at them as incompetent, their white brethren will find it necessary to bestir themselves, or the "incompetent" class will be the better educated and more successful. Does any man seriously doubt whether it is better for this vast population to be sinking deeper and deeper in ignorance and servility, or rising into general intelligence and self-respect? They can not be pariahs; they can not be peons; they must be slaves or citizens. The policy of enslaving them has produced such results as we have seen; and we are now to see that liberty is truly conservative, and that honesty is the best policy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

A FATAL disaster occurred on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, near Union Mills, July 9, some fiends having thrown the express passenger train off the track in order to rob the passengers. Five persons, three ladies and two children, were killed and several persons were seriously injured. The baggage car was broken open and rifled.

Ex-Governor Orr, of South Carolina, has published an address to the people of the State urging them to accept Governor Scott's administration in a just spirit. It would have been wise for them, he says, to have accepted Congressional reconstruction at first, and at present it is folly to expect any relief from the Democratic party on the subject of suffrage.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AUSTRIA, "Catholic Austria," has snubbed the poor Pope most grievously. He lately issued an allocution, or proclamation, or bull, or curse, or something of that sort, denouncing the Austrian Reichsrath, or Imperial Council, for inaugurating measures giving greater religious freedom, and granting protection to all churches in the empire. Baron von Beust, the Prime Minister of Austria, is a good Protestant, and in response to the Pope's allocution he has written a note to his Holiness, in which he plainly tells him that he is meddlesome, and that his allocution is an insult to the independence and dignity of the empire.

The Pope's allocution is a curious document. He speaks of the law of December 21, 1867, as "an odious law," and thus describes it (we copy his own words):

"That law establishes free liberty for all opinions, liberty of the press, of all faith, and no matter what confession or doctrine. It grants to the members of every confession the right of establishing public schools and colleges, and members of every confession are allowed to be admitted on the same footing, with the sanction of the State. Although we felt great grief on being informed of the fact, and wished to raise our voice against it, we nevertheless gave proof of forbearance, and we deemed it advisable then to keep silent, chiefly supported by the hope that the Austrian Government, lending a docile ear to the just complaints of our venerable brethren (the holy prelates of Austria), would return to more wholesome ideas and adopt a sounder determination. But our hopes have been frustrated. In fact the same Government, on the 25th of May of the present year, issued another law, which involves all the subjects, even the Catholic ones of the empire, deciding that sons born of a mixed marriage shall follow the religion of the father and the daughter that of the mother, and that under seven years of age they must follow in the stray path of their parents from the true faith.

"By this law this same Government has also promulgated a law on education which suppresses all the influence of the Church over education, decreeing that the whole superior supervision of education, literature, and science, as also the inspection of schools, appertains to the State, which finally decrees that religious teaching in the public schools must be placed in the hands of members of each separate confession; that any religious society may open private or special schools for the youth of its faith; that these schools shall also be subject to the supreme inspection of the State, and that the school-books shall be submitted to the approval of the civil authorities, with the exception, however, of such books as are me[illegible]submitted [illegible] ligious instruction, books which [illegible] authorities of each to the approval of the co[illegible] confession."

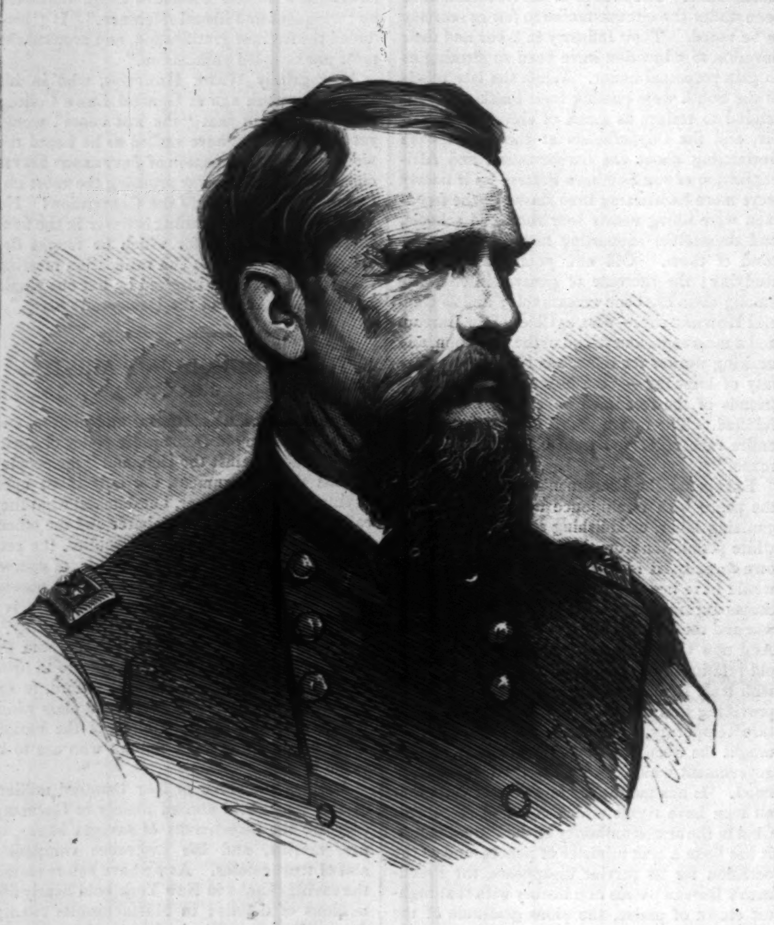
Civil[illegible] in any form appears to be very odious [illegible]ed to the Papacy.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

Upon the twenty-second ballot the New York Democratic Convention unanimously nominated Horatio Seymour for President. His name had been brought forward upon the fourth ballot, when he received 9 votes, and was then withdrawn on account of his refusal to accept the nomination. It seems to have been agreed upon between Governor Seymour and his friends that his name should not be brought forward until the Pendleton faction should declare a surrender. Pendleton stood far ahead of all competitors on Tuesday. On Wednesday he steadily declined, being out-distanced by both Hancock and Hendricks, the former, upon the eighteenth ballot, receiving 144½ votes, and the latter, 87, while Pendleton had declined to 56. If the balloting had continued Hancock would have undoubtedly been the choice of the Convention. On this account the Pendleton and Seymour men forced an adjournment; and when the Convention met again on Thursday, Seymour's nomination was a foregone conclusion. Before the balloting commenced, Mr. Vallandigham—who had given the finishing blow to the Democratic Platform of 1864 by the insertion of the resolution declaring the war a failure—rose, and in a few words settled the business of this Convention. He read a letter from Mr. Pendleton, authorizing the withdrawal of his name whenever it should seem desirable. That time had now come. If the letter had been read on the previous afternoon—as it might have been—it would have given Hancock a decisive advantage. Presented at this time, it was the first step in the Seymour intrigue. Upon the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first ballot Hancock and Hendricks nearly divided the Convention. Then the time came for the second and final stage of the adroit intriguers. When Ohio was called, on the twenty-second ballot, Mr. M'Cook threw the 21 votes of that State for Seymour. New York followed, then Wisconsin; and then all the other States changed their votes, and the nomination of Seymour was unanimous.

Thus by the intrigue of Seymour's friends, to which he, while saying he would ne'er consent, consented, the three only available candidates—Chase, Hendricks, and Hancock—were thrown overboard. The Convention united upon Seymour; but he is the rock upon which the Democratic party will split in the election.

Horatio Seymour was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, in 1811. He is descended from Richard Seymour, one of the early settlers of Hartford, Connecticut, and is a nephew of Senator Seymour, of Vermont. He was liberally educated, and adopted the legal profession. In the fall of 1841 he was elected to the Assembly, where he sat until 1845, when he was elected Speaker. In 1850 he was nominated for Governor against Washington Hunt, and was defeated by 262 votes. In the next gubernatorial contest he was elected. His principal official act was his veto of the Maine Liquor Law. In 1854 he was again nominated, but was defeated, though the opposition was divided up between three candidates. In 1862 he was again elected Governor, but was defeated by Fenton in 1864.



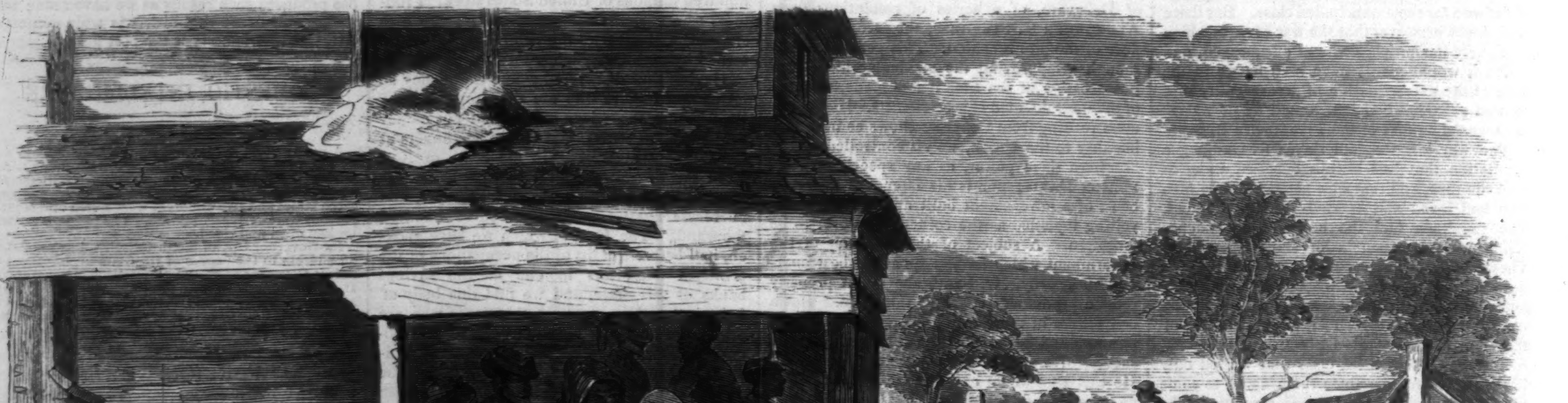
GEN. F. P. BLAIR, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
[Photographed by Brady.]

Mr. Seymour has always been a Democrat. He has never held any official position outside of his own State, and even there he has in all elections fallen behind his ticket. The only national reputation which he has arises from his opposition to the war. No weaker candidate, not even excepting Pendleton, could have been nominated by the Convention.

Nor is the nomination of Francis P. Blair, Jun., for Vice-President, any more auspicious for the Democratic party. He was nominated for three reasons: 1st, because he was a soldier, and a war-man was necessary to balance Seymour's anti-war record; 2d, because he was a Western man; and 3d, because of his recent revolutionary letter to Mr. Broadhead. Sedition is the *forte* of the Democratic party. Seymour raised a mob, and Frank Blair threatens revolution. This is the Democratic platform.

Francis P. Blair, Jun., was born at Lexington, Kentucky, February 19, 1821, was educated at Princeton College, New Jersey, and, removing to St. Louis, adopted the profession of the law. He entered upon political life as an advocate of emancipation. In 1848 he sustained Van Buren and the Free-Soil party, opposing the extension of slavery into the Territories, and advocating its abolition in Missouri. As an Abolitionist he was elected in 1852 to the Missouri Legislature, and was re-elected in 1854. In 1856 he was returned to Congress, where he remained till the outbreak of the rebellion. He had been in the Mexican War, and in 1861 entered the Union Army as a Colonel of Volunteers, being soon after appointed Brigadier-General. In May, 1863, he commanded a division of M'Pherson's Corps, and was before the close of the year appointed Major-General, when he resigned his seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress. When M'Pherson in 1864 was made commander of the Army of the Tennessee, he was succeeded by General Blair in the command of his corps. This command he held until the close of the war, attending Sherman in his marches from Atlanta to Goldsborough. He was a brave soldier, although he now seems to be sorry on that account, and willing to surrender the results of the national victory. In 1866 he was appointed by President Johnson Collector of the Port of St. Louis. His political record is marked with the inconsistency which has characterized the whole Blair family, and he is now a nominee of the party which steadily reviled him throughout the war.

Such are the Democratic candidates; and if any thing were necessary to secure the election of Grant and Colfax next November, their nomination has supplied it.



ELECTIONEERING AT THE SOUTH.—Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 467.]

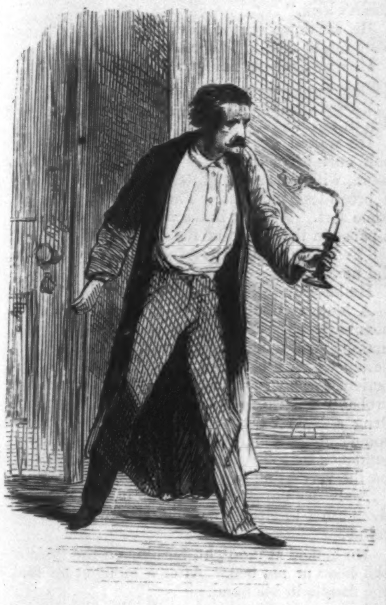
[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



The Journal of Ezra Jennings (Concluded).

THE first and foremost question, is the question of Mr. Blake's health.

So far as it is possible for me to judge, he promises (physically speaking) to be quite as susceptible to the action of the opium to-night as he was at this time last year. He is, this afternoon, in a state of nervous sensitiveness which just stops short of nervous irritation. He changes color readily; his hand is not quite steady; and he starts at chance noises, and at unexpected appearances of persons and things.

These results have all been produced by deprivation of sleep, which is in its turn the nervous consequence of a sudden cessation in the habit of smoking, after that habit has been carried to an extreme. Here are the same causes at work again, which operated last year; and here are, apparently, the same effects. Will the parallel still hold good, when the final test has been tried? The events of the night must decide.

While I write these lines, Mr. Blake is amusing himself at the billiard-table in the inner hall, practicing different strokes in the game, as he was accustomed to practice them when he was a guest in this house in June last. I have brought my journal here, partly with a view to occupying the idle hours which I am sure to have on my hands between this and to-morrow morning; partly in the hope that something may happen which it may be worth my while to place on record at the time.

Have I omitted any thing, thus far? A glance at yesterday's entry shows me that I have forgotten to note the arrival of the morning's post. Let me set this right, before I close these leaves for the present and join Mr. Blake.

I received a few lines then, yesterday, from Miss Verinder. She has arranged to travel by the afternoon train, as I recommended. Mrs. Merridew has insisted on accompanying her. The note hints that the old lady's generally excellent temper is a little ruffled, and requests all due indulgence for her, in consideration of her age and her habits. I will endeavor, in my relations with Mrs. Merridew, to emulate the moderation which Betteredge displays in his relations with me. He received us to-day, portentously arrayed in his best black suit, and his stiffest white cravat. Whenever he looks my way, he remembers that I have not read Robinson Crusoe since I was a child, and he respectfully pities me.

Yesterday, also, Mr. Blake had the lawyer's answer. Mr. Bruff accepts the invitation—under protest. It is, he thinks, clearly necessary that a gentleman possessed of the average allowance of common-sense, should accompany Miss Verinder to the scene of, what he will venture to call, the proposed exhibition. For want of a better escort, Mr. Bruff himself will be that gentleman.—So here is poor Miss Verinder provided with two "chaperons." It is a relief to think that the opinion of the world must surely be satisfied with this!

Nothing has been heard of Sergeant Cuff. He is no doubt still in Ireland. We must not expect to see him to-night.

Betteredge has just come in, to say that Mr. Blake has asked for me. I must lay down my pen for the present.

* * * * * *

Seven o'clock.—We have been all over the refurnished rooms and staircases again; and we have had a pleasant stroll in the shrubbery which was Mr. Blake's favorite walk when he was here last. In this way, I hope to revive the old impressions of places and things as vividly as possible in his mind.

We are now going to dine, exactly at the hour at which the birthday dinner was given last year. My object, of course, is a purely medical one in this case. The laudanum must find the process of digestion, as nearly as may be, where the laudanum found it last year.

At a reasonable time after dinner, I propose to lead the conversation back again—as inartificially as I can—to the subject of the Diamond, and of the Indian conspiracy to steal it. When I have filled his mind with these topics, I shall have done all that it is in my power to do, before the time comes for giving him the second dose.

* * * * * *

Half past eight.—I have only this moment found an opportunity of attending to the most important duty of all; the duty of looking in the family medicine-chest, for the laudanum which Mr. Candy used last year.

Ten minutes since I caught Betteredge at an unoccupied moment, and told him what I wanted. Without a word of objection, without so much as an attempt to produce his pocket-book, he led the way (making allowances for me at every step) to the store-room in which the medicine-chest was kept.

I found the bottle, carefully guarded by a glass stopper tied over with leather. The preparation of opium which it contained was, as I had anticipated, the common Tincture of laudanum. Finding the bottle still well filled, I have resolved to use it in preference to employing either of the two preparations with which I had taken care to provide myself, in case of emergency.

The question of the quantity which I am to administer presents certain difficulties. I have thought it over, and have decided on increasing the dose.

My notes inform me that Mr. Candy only administered twenty-five minims. This is a small dose to have produced the results which followed—even in the case of a person so sensitive as Mr. Blake. I think it highly probable that Mr. Candy gave more than he supposed himself to have given—knowing, as I do, that he has a keen relish of the pleasures of the table, and that he measured out the laudanum on the birthday, after dinner. In any case, I shall run the risk of enlarging the dose to forty minims. On this occasion Mr. Blake knows beforehand that he is going to take the laudanum—which is equivalent, physiologically speaking, to his having (unconsciously to himself) a certain capacity in him to resist the effects. If my view is right a larger quantity is therefore imperatively required this time to repeat the results which the smaller quantity produced last year.

* * * * * *

Ten o'clock.—The witnesses, or the company (which shall I call them?), reached the house an hour since.

A little before nine o'clock I prevailed on Mr. Blake to accompany me to his bedroom; stating, as a reason, that I wished him to look round it, for the last time, in order to make quite sure that nothing had been forgotten in the refurnishing of the room. I had previously arranged with Betteredge that the bedchamber prepared for Mr. Bruff should be the next room to Mr. Blake's, and that I should be informed of the lawyer's arrival by a knock at the door. Five minutes after the clock in the hall had struck nine I heard the knock; and, going out immediately, met Mr. Bruff in the corridor.

My personal appearance (as usual) told against me. Mr. Bruff's distrust looked at me plainly enough out of Mr. Bruff's eyes. Being well used to producing this effect on strangers I did not hesitate a moment in saying what I wanted to say before the lawyer found his way into Mr. Blake's room.

"You have traveled here, I believe, in company with Mrs. Merridew and Miss Verinder?" I said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Bruff, as dryly as might be.

"Miss Verinder has probably told you that I wish her presence in the house (and Mrs. Merridew's presence of course) to be kept a secret from Mr. Blake until my experiment on him has been tried first?"

"I know that I am to hold my tongue, Sir!" said Mr. Bruff, impatiently. "Being habitually silent on the subject of human folly, I am all the readier to keep my lips closed on this occasion. Does that satisfy you?"

I bowed, and left Betteredge to show him to his room. Betteredge gave me one look at parting which said, as if in so many words, "You have caught a Tartar, Mr. Jennings—and the name of him is Bruff."

It was next necessary to get the meeting over with the two ladies. I descended the stairs—a little nervously, I confess—on my way to Miss Verinder's sitting-room.

The gardener's wife (charged with looking after the accommodation of the ladies) met me in the first-floor corridor. This excellent woman treats me with an excessive civility which is plainly the offspring of downright terror. She stares, trembles, and courtesies whenever I speak to her. On my asking for Miss Verinder she stared, trembled, and would no doubt have courtesied next, if Miss Verinder herself had not cut that ceremony short by suddenly opening her sitting-room door.

"Is that Mr. Jennings?" she asked.

Before I could answer she came out eagerly to speak to me in the corridor. We met under the light of a lamp on a bracket. At the first sight of me Miss Verinder stopped and hesitated. She recovered herself instantly, colored for a moment, and then, with a charming frankness, offered me her hand.

"I can't treat you like a stranger, Mr. Jennings," she said. "Oh, if you only knew how happy your letters have made me!"

She looked at my ugly wrinkled face with a bright gratitude so new to me in *my* experience of my fellow-creatures that I was at a loss how to answer her. Nothing had prepared me for her kindness and her beauty. The misery of many years has not hardened my heart, thank God. I was as awkward and as shy with her as if I had been a lad in my teens.

"Where is he now?" she asked, giving free expression to her one dominant interest—the interest in Mr. Blake. "What is he doing? Has he spoken of me? Is he in good spirits? How does he bear the sight of the house after what happened in it last year? When are you going to give him the laudanum? May I see you pour it out? I am so interested; I am so excited—I have ten thousand things to say to you, and they all crowd together so that I don't know what to say first. Do you wonder at the interest I take in this?"

"No," I said. "I venture to think that I thoroughly understand it."

She was far above the paltry affectation of being confused. She answered me as she might have answered a brother or a father.

"You have relieved me of indescribable wretchedness; you have given me a new life. How can I be ungrateful enough to have any concealments from *you?* I love him," she said, simply; "I have loved him from first to last—even when I was wronging him in my own thoughts; even when I was saying the hardest and the cruelest words to him. Is there any excuse for me in that? I hope there is—I am afraid it is the only excuse I have. When to-morrow comes, and he knows that I am in the house, do you think—?"

She stopped again, and looked at me very earnestly.

"When to-morrow comes," I said, "I think you have only to tell him what you have just told me."

Her face brightened; she came a step nearer to me. Her fingers trifled nervously with a flower which I had picked in the garden, and which I had put into the button-hole of my coat.

"You have seen a great deal of him lately," she said. "Have you really and truly seen *that?*"

"Really and truly," I answered. "I am quite certain of what will happen to-morrow. I wish I could feel as certain of what will happen to-night."

At that point in the conversation we were interrupted by the appearance of Betteredge with the tea-tray. He gave me another significant look as he passed on into the sitting-room. "Ay! ay! make your hay while the sun shines. The Tartar's up stairs, Mr. Jennings—the Tartar's up stairs!"

We followed him into the room. A little old lady, in a corner, very nicely dressed, and very deeply absorbed over a smart piece of embroidery, dropped her work in her lap, and uttered a faint little scream at the first sight of my gipsy complexion and my piebald hair.

"Mrs. Merridew," said Miss Verinder, "this is Mr. Jennings."

"I beg Mr. Jennings's pardon," said the old lady, looking at Miss Verinder, and speaking at *me.* "Railway traveling always makes me nervous. I am endeavoring to quiet my mind by occupying myself as usual. I don't know whether my embroidery is out of place, on this extraordinary occasion. If it interferes with Mr. Jennings's medical views, I shall be happy to put it away of course."

I hastened to sanction the presence of the embroidery, exactly as I had sanctioned the absence of the burst buzzard and the Cupid's wing. Mrs. Merridew made an effort—a grateful effort—to look at my hair. No! it was not to be done. Mrs. Merridew looked back again at Miss Verinder.

"If Mr. Jennings will permit me," pursued the old lady, "I should like to ask a favor. Mr. Jennings is about to try a scientific experiment to-night. I used to attend scientific experiments when I was a girl at school. They invariably ended in an explosion. If Mr. Jennings will be so very kind, I should like to be warned of the explosion this time. With a view to getting it over, if possible, before I go to bed."

I attempted to assure Mrs. Merridew that an explosion was not included in the programme on this occasion.

"No," said the old lady. "I am much obliged to Mr. Jennings—I am aware that he is only deceiving me for my own good. I prefer plain dealing. I am quite resigned to the explosion—but I *do* want to get it over, if possible, before I go to bed."

Here the door opened, and Mrs. Merridew uttered another little scream. The advent of the explosion? No: only the advent of Betteredge.

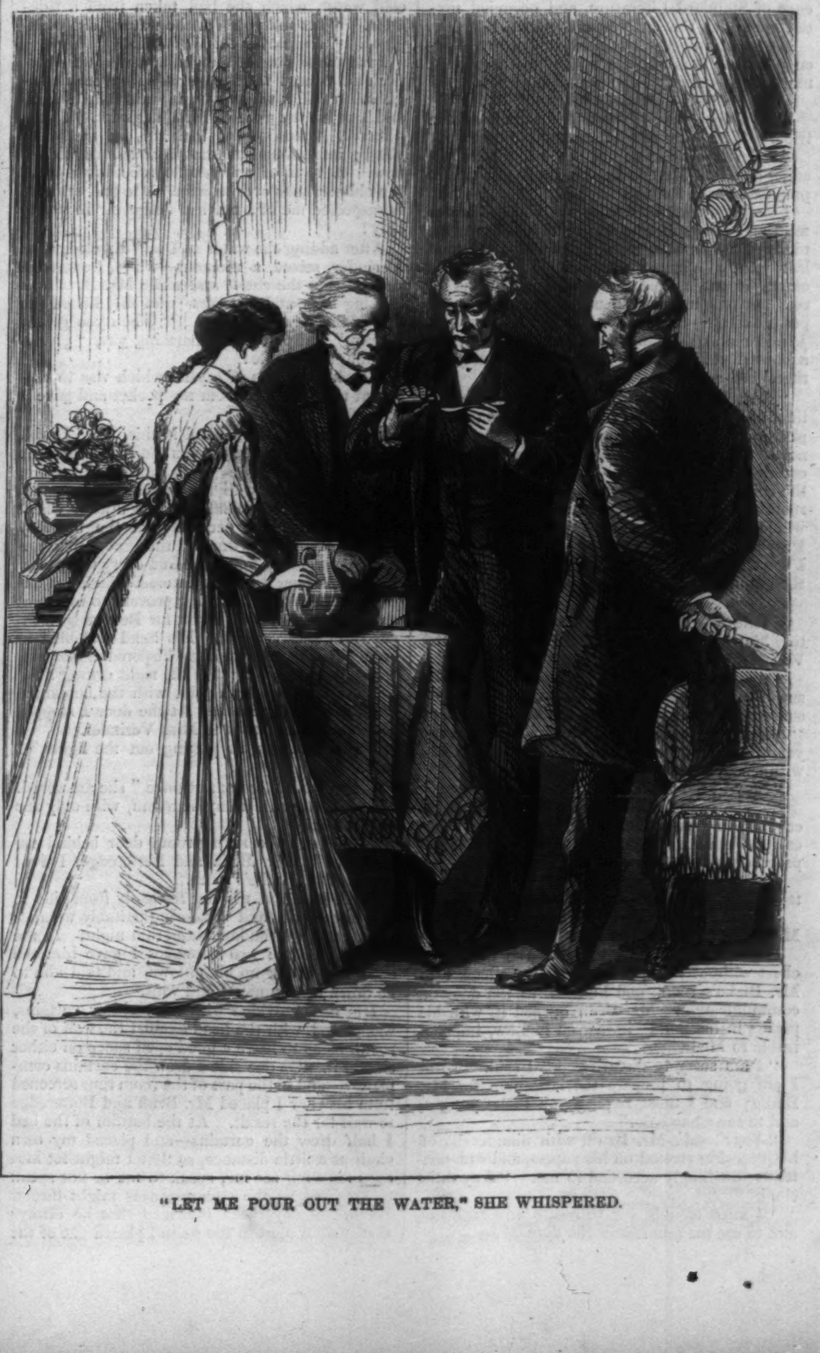
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jennings," said Betteredge, in his most elaborately confidential manner. "Mr. Franklin wishes to know where you are. Being under your orders to deceive him, in respect to the presence of my young lady in the house, I have said I don't know. That you will please to observe was a lie. Having one foot already in the grave, Sir, the fewer lies you expect me to tell the more I shall be indebted to you, when my conscience pricks me and my time comes."

There was not a moment to be wasted on the purely speculative question of Betteredge's conscience. Mr. Blake might make his appearance in search of me, unless I went to him at once in his own room. Miss Verinder followed me out into the corridor.

"They seem to be in a conspiracy to persecute you," she said. "What does it mean?"

"Only the protest of the world, Miss Verinder—on a very small scale—against any thing that is new."

"What are we to do with Mrs. Merridew?"



"LET ME POUR OUT THE WATER," SHE WHISPERED.

"Tell her the explosion will take place at nine to-morrow morning."

"So as to send her to bed?"

"Yes—so as to send her to bed."

Miss Verinder went back to the sitting-room, and I went up stairs to Mr. Blake.

To my surprise, I found him alone; restlessly pacing his room, and a little irritated at being left by himself.

"Where is Mr. Bruff?" I asked.

He pointed to the closed door of communication between the two rooms. Mr. Bruff had looked in on him, for a moment; had attempted to renew his protest against our proceedings; and had once more failed to produce the smallest impression on Mr. Blake. Upon this, the lawyer had taken refuge in a black leather bag, filled to bursting with professional papers. "The serious business of life," he admitted, "was sadly out of place on such an occasion as the present. But the serious business of life must be carried on for all that. Mr. Blake would perhaps kindly make allowance for the old-fashioned habits of a practical man. Time was money—and, as for Mr. Jennings, he might depend on it that Mr. Bruff would be forthcoming when called upon." With that apology the lawyer had gone back to his own room, and had immersed himself obstinately in his black bag.

I thought of Mrs. Merridew and her embroidery, and of Betteredge and his conscience. There is a wonderful sameness in the solid side of the English character—just as there is a wonderful sameness in the solid expression of the English face.

"When are you going to give me the laudanum?" asked Mr. Blake, impatiently.

"You must wait a little longer," I said. "I will stay and keep you company till the time comes."

It was not then ten o'clock. Inquiries which I had made, at various times, of Betteredge and Mr. Blake, had led me to the conclusion that the dose of laudanum given by Mr. Candy could not possibly have been administered before eleven. I had accordingly determined not to try the second dose until that time.

We talked a little; but both our minds were preoccupied by the coming ordeal. The conversation soon flagged—then dropped altogether. Mr. Blake idly turned over the books on his bedroom table. I had taken the precaution of looking at them, when we first entered the room. The Guardian; The Tatler; Richardson's Pamela; Mackenzie's Man of Feeling; Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici; and Robertson's Charles the Fifth—all classical works; all (of course) immeasurably superior to any thing produced in later times; and all (from my present point of view) possessing the one great merit of enchaining nobody's interest, and exciting nobody's brain. I left Mr. Blake to the composing influence of Standard Literature, and occupied myself in making this entry in my journal.

My watch informs me that it is close on eleven o'clock. I must shut up these leaves once more.

* * * * * *

Two o'clock A.M.—The experiment has been tried. With what result I am now to describe.

At eleven o'clock I rang the bell for Betteredge, and told Mr. Blake that he might at last prepare himself for bed.

I looked out of window at the night. It was mild and rainy, resembling, in this respect, the night of the birthday—the twenty-first of June, last year. Without professing to believe in omens, it was at least encouraging to find no direct nervous influences—no stormy or electric perturbations—in the atmosphere. Betteredge joined me at the window, and mysteriously put a little slip of paper into my hand. It contained these lines:

"Mrs. Merridew has gone to bed, on the distinct understanding that the explosion is to take place at nine to-morrow morning, and that I am not to stir out of this part of the house until she comes and sets me free. She has no idea that the chief scene of the experiment is my sitting-room—or she would have remained in it for the whole night! I am alone, and very anxious. Pray let me see you measure out the laudanum; I want to have something to do with it, even in the unimportant character of a mere looker-on.

"R. V."

I followed Betteredge out of the room, and told him to remove the medicine-chest into Miss Verinder's sitting-room.

The order appeared to take him completely by surprise. He looked as if he suspected me of some occult medical design on Miss Verinder! "Might I presume to ask," he said, "what my young lady and the medicine-chest have got to do with each other?"

"Stay in the sitting-room, and you will see."

Betteredge appeared to doubt his own unaided capacity to superintend me effectually on an occasion when a medicine-chest was included in the proceedings.

"Is there any objection, Sir," he asked, "to taking Mr. Bruff into this part of the business?"

"Quite the contrary! I am now going to ask Mr. Bruff to accompany me down stairs."

Betteredge withdrew to fetch the medicine-chest without another word. I went back into Mr. Blake's room, and knocked at the door of communication. Mr. Bruff opened it, with his papers in his hand—immersed in Law, impenetrable to Medicine.

"I am sorry to disturb you," I said. "But I am going to prepare the laudanum for Mr. Blake; and I must request you to be present, and to see what I do."

"Yes?" said Mr. Bruff, with nine-tenths of his attention riveted on his papers, and with one-tenth unwillingly accorded to me. "Any thing else?"

"I must trouble you to return here with me, and to see me administer the dose."

"Any thing else?"

"One thing more. I must put you to the inconvenience of remaining in Mr. Blake's room, and of waiting to see what happens."

"Oh, very good!" said Mr. Bruff. "My room or Mr. Blake's room—it doesn't matter which; I can go on with my papers any where. Unless you object, Mr. Jennings, to my importing *that* amount of common-sense into the proceedings?"

Before I could answer Mr. Blake addressed himself to the lawyer, speaking from his bed.

"Do you really mean to say that you don't feel any interest in what you are going to do?" he asked. "Mr. Bruff you have no more imagination than a cow!"

"A cow is a very useful animal, Mr. Blake," said the lawyer. With that reply he followed me out of the room, still keeping his papers in his hand.

We found Miss Verinder, pale and agitated, restlessly pacing her sitting-room from end to end. At a table in a corner stood Betteredge, on guard over the medicine-chest. Mr. Bruff sat down on the first chair that he could find, and (emulating the usefulness of the cow) plunged back again into his papers on the spot.

Miss Verinder drew me aside, and reverted instantly to her one all-absorbing interest—the interest in Mr. Blake.

"How is he now?" she asked. "Is he nervous? is he out of temper? Do you think it will succeed? Are you sure it will do no harm?"

"Quite sure. Come and see me measure it out."

"One moment! It is past eleven now. How long will it be before any thing happens?"

"It is not easy to say. An hour perhaps."

"I suppose the room must be dark, as it was last year?"

"Certainly."

"I shall wait in my bedroom—just as I did before. I shall keep the door a little way open. It was a little way open last year. I will watch the sitting-room door; and the moment it moves I will blow out my light. It all happened in that way on my birthday night. And it must all happen again in the same way, mustn't it?"

"Are you sure you can control yourself, Miss Verinder?"

"In *his* interests I can do any thing!" she answered, fervently.

One look at her face told me that I could trust her. I addressed myself again to Mr. Bruff.

"I must trouble you to put your papers aside for a moment," I said.

"Oh, certainly!" He got up with a start—as if I had disturbed him at a particularly interesting place—and followed me to the medicine-chest. There, deprived of the breathless excitement incidental to the practice of his profession, he looked at Betteredge, and yawned wearily.

Miss Verinder joined me with a glass jug of cold water, which she had taken from a side-table. "Let me pour out the water," she whispered. "I *must* have a hand in it!"

I measured out the forty minims from the bottle, and poured the laudanum into a medicine-glass. "Fill it till it is three parts full," I said, and handed the glass to Miss Verinder. I then directed Betteredge to lock up the medicine-chest; informing him that I had done with it now. A look of unutterable relief overspread the old servant's countenance. He had evidently suspected me of a medical design on his young lady!

After adding the water as I had directed, Miss Verinder seized a moment—while Betteredge was locking the chest, and while Mr. Bruff was looking back at his papers—and slily kissed the rim of the medicine-glass. "When you give it to him," whispered the charming girl, "give it to him on that side!"

I took the piece of crystal which was to represent the Diamond from my pocket and gave it to her.

"You must have a hand in this, too," I said. "You must put it where you put the Moonstone last year."

She led the way to the Indian cabinet, and put the mock Diamond into the drawer which the real Diamond occupied on the birthday night. Mr. Bruff witnessed this proceeding, under protest, as he had witnessed every thing else. But the strong dramatic interest which the experiment was now assuming proved (to my great amusement) to be too much for Betteredge's capacity of self-restraint. His hand trembled as he held the candle, and he whispered, anxiously, "Are you sure, Miss, it's the right drawer?"

I led the way out again, with the laudanum and water in my hand. At the door I stopped to address a last word to Miss Verinder.

"Don't be long in putting out the lights," I said.

"I will put them out at once," she answered. "And I will wait in my bedroom, with only one candle alight."

She closed the sitting-room door behind us. Followed by Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, I went back to Mr. Blake's room.

We found him moving restlessly from side to side of the bed, and wondering irritably whether he was to have the laudanum that night. In the presence of the two witnesses I gave him the dose, and shook up his pillows, and told him to lie down again quietly and wait.

His bed, provided with light chintz curtains, was placed, with the head against the wall of the room, so as to leave a good open space on either side of it. On one side I drew the curtains completely—and in the part of the room thus screened from his view I placed Mr. Bruff and Betteredge to wait for the result. At the bottom of the bed I half drew the curtains—and placed my own chair at a little distance, so that I might let him see me or not see me, speak to me or not speak to me, just as the circumstances might direct. Having already been informed that he always slept with a light in the room I placed one of the two lighted candles on a little table at the head of the bed, where the glare of the light would not strike on his eyes. The other candle I gave to Mr. Bruff; the light, in this instance, being subdued by the screen of the chintz curtains. The window was open at the top so as to ventilate the room. The rain fell softly, the house was quiet. It was twenty minutes past eleven, by my watch, when the preparations were completed, and I took my place on the chair set apart at the bottom of the bed.

Mr. Bruff resumed his papers, with every appearance of being as deeply interested in them as ever. But looking toward him now I saw certain signs and tokens which told me that the Law was beginning to lose its hold on him at last. The suspended interest of the situation in which we were now placed was slowly asserting its influence even on *his* unimaginative mind. As for Betteredge consistency of principle and dignity of conduct had become, in his case, mere empty words. He forgot that I was performing a conjuring trick on Mr. Franklin Blake; he forgot that I had upset the house from top to bottom; he forgot that I had not read Robinson Crusoe since I was a child. "For the Lord's sake, Sir," he whispered to me, "tell us when it will begin to work."

"Not before midnight," I whispered back. "Say nothing and sit still."

Betteredge dropped to the lowest depth of familiarity with me, without a struggle to save himself. He answered me by a wink!

Looking next toward Mr. Blake I found him as restless as ever in his bed; fretfully wondering why the influence of the laudanum had not begun to assert itself yet. To tell him, in his present humor, that the more he fidgeted and wondered the longer he would delay the result for which we were now waiting would have been simply useless. The wiser course to take was to dismiss the idea of the opium from his mind by leading him insensibly to think of something else.

With this view I encouraged him to talk to me, contriving so to direct the conversation, on my side, as to lead him back again to the subject which had engaged us earlier in the evening—the subject of the Diamond. I took care to revert to those portions of the story of the Moonstone which related to the transport of it from London to Yorkshire; to the risk which Mr. Blake had run in removing it from the bank at Frizinghall; and to the unexpected appearance of the Indians at the house on the evening of the birthday. And I purposely assumed, in referring to these events, to have misunderstood much of what Mr. Blake himself had told me a few hours since. In this way I set him talking on the subject with which it was now vitally important to fill his mind—without allowing him to suspect that I was making him talk for a purpose. Little by little he became so interested in putting me right that he forgot to fidget in the bed. His mind was far away from the question of the opium at the all-important time when his eyes first told me that the opium was beginning to lay its hold on his brain.

I looked at my watch. It wanted five minutes to twelve when the premonitory symptoms of the working of the laudanum first showed themselves to me.

At this time no unpracticed eye would have detected any change in him. But, as the minutes of the new morning wore away, the swiftly-subtle progress of the influence began to show itself more plainly. The sublime intoxication of opium gleamed in his eyes; the dew of a stealthy perspiration began to glisten on his face. In five minutes more the talk which he still kept up with me failed in coherence. He held steadily to the subject of the Diamond; but he ceased to complete his sentences. A little later the sentences dropped to single words. Then there was an interval of silence. Then he sat up in bed. Then, still busy with the subject of the Diamond, he began to talk again—not to me, but to himself. That change told me that the first stage in the experiment was reached. The stimulant influence of the opium had got him.

The time, now, was twenty-three minutes past twelve. The next half hour, at most, would decide the question of whether he would, or would not, get up from his bed, and leave the room.

In the breathless interest of watching him—in the unutterable triumph of seeing the first result of the experiment declare itself in the manner, and nearly at the time, which I had anticipated—I had utterly forgotten the two companions of my night vigil. Looking toward them now, I saw the Law (as represented by Mr. Bruff's papers) lying unheeded on the floor. Mr. Bruff himself was looking eagerly through a crevice left in the imperfectly-drawn curtains of the bed. And Betteredge, oblivious of all respect for social distinctions, was peeping over Mr. Bruff's shoulder.

They both started back, on finding that I was looking at them, like two boys caught out by their schoolmaster in a fault. I signed to them to take off their boots quietly, as I was taking off mine. If Mr. Blake gave us the chance of following him, it was vitally necessary to follow him without noise.

Ten minutes passed—and nothing happened. Then, he suddenly threw the bed-clothes off him. He put one leg out of bed. He waited.

"I wish I had never taken it out of the bank," he said to himself. "It was safe in the bank."

My heart throbbed fast; the pulses at my temples beat furiously. The doubt about the safety of the Diamond was, once more, the dominant impression in his brain! On that one pivot the whole success of the experiment turned. The prospect thus suddenly opened before me, was too much for my shattered nerves. I was obliged to look away from him—or I should have lost my self-control.

There was another interval of silence.

When I could trust myself to look back at him he was out of his bed, standing erect at the side of it. The pupils of his eyes were now contracted; his eyeballs gleamed in the light of the candle as he moved his head slowly to and fro. He was thinking; he was doubting—he spoke again.

"How do I know?" he said. "The Indians may be hidden in the house."

He stopped, and walked slowly to the other end of the room. He turned—waited—came back to the bed.

"It's not even locked up," he went on. "It's in the drawer of her cabinet. And the drawer doesn't lock."

He sat down on the side of the bed. "Any body might take it," he said.

He rose again restlessly, and reiterated his first words.

"How do I know? The Indians may be hidden in the house."

He waited again. I drew back behind the half curtain of the bed. He looked about the room, with the vacant glitter in his eyes. It was a breathless moment. There was a pause of some sort. A pause in the action of the opium? a pause in the action of the brain? Who could tell? Every thing depended, now, on what he did next.

He laid himself down again on the bed!

A horrible doubt crossed my mind. Was it possible that the sedative action of the opium was making itself felt already? It was not in my experience that it should do this. But what is experience where opium is concerned? There are probably no two men in existence on whom the drug acts in exactly the same manner. Was some constitutional peculiarity in him, feeling the influence in some new way? Were we to fail, on the very brink of success?

No! He got up again abruptly. "How the devil am I to sleep," he said, "with *this* on my mind?"

He looked at the light, burning on the table at the head of his bed. After a moment he took the candle in his hand.

I blew out the second candle, burning behind the closed curtains. I drew back, with Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, into the farthest corner by the bed. I signed to them to be silent, as if their lives had depended on it.

We waited—seeing and hearing nothing. We waited, hidden from him by the curtains.

The light which he was holding on the other side of us moved suddenly. The next moment he passed us, swift and noiseless, with the candle in his hand.

He opened the bedroom door and went out.

We followed him along the corridor. We followed him down the stairs. We followed him along the second corridor. He never looked back; he never hesitated.

He opened the sitting-room door, and went in, leaving it open behind him.

The door was hung (like all the other doors in the house) on large old-fashioned hinges. When it was opened, a crevice was opened between the door and the post. I signed to my two companions to look through this, so as to keep them from showing themselves. I placed myself—outside the door also—on the opposite side. A recess in the wall was at my left hand, in which I could instantly hide myself if he showed any signs of looking back into the corridor.

He advanced to the middle of the room, with the candle still in his hand: he looked about him—but he never looked back.

I saw the door of Miss Verinder's bedroom standing ajar. She had put out her light. She controlled herself nobly. The dim white outline of her summer dress was all that I could see. Nobody who had not known it beforehand would have suspected that there was a living creature in the room. She kept back in the dark; not a word, not a movement escaped her.

It was now ten minutes past one. I heard, through the dead silence, the soft drip of the rain, and the tremulous passage of the night air through the trees.

After waiting irresolute for a minute or more in the middle of the room, he moved to the corner near the window, where the Indian cabinet stood.

He put his candle on the top of the cabinet. He opened and shut one drawer after another, until he came to the drawer in which the mock Diamond was put. He looked into the drawer for a moment. Then he took the mock Diamond out with his right hand. With the other hand he took the candle from the top of the cabinet.

He walked back a few steps toward the middle of the room, and stood still again.

Thus far he had exactly repeated what he had done on the birthday night. Would his next proceeding be the same as the proceeding of last year? Would he leave the room? Would he go back now, as I believed he had gone back then, to his bedchamber? Would he show us what he had done with the Diamond when he had returned to his own room?

His first action, when he moved once more, proved to be an action which he had *not* performed when he was under the influence of the opium for the first time. He put the candle down on a table, and wandered on a little toward the farther end of the room. There was a sofa here. He leaned heavily on the back of it with his left hand—then roused himself, and returned to the middle of the room. I could now see his eyes. They were getting dull and heavy; the glitter in them was fast dying out.

The suspense of the moment proved too much for Miss Verinder's self-control. She advanced a few steps—then stopped again. Mr. Bruff and Betteredge looked across the open doorway at me for the first time. The prevision of a coming disappointment was impressing itself on their minds as well as on mine.

Still, so long as he stood where he was, there was hope. We waited, in unutterable expectation, to see what would happen next.

The next event was decisive. He let the mock Diamond drop out of his hand.

It fell on the floor, before the doorway—plainly visible to him and to every one. He made no effort to pick it up: he looked down at it vacantly, and, as he looked, his head sank on his breast. He staggered—roused himself for an instant—walked back unsteadily to the sofa—and sat down on it. He made a last effort; he tried to rise, and sank back. His head fell on the sofa cushions. It was then twenty-five minutes past one o'clock. Before I had put my watch back in my pocket he was asleep.

It was all over now. The sedative influence had got him; the experiment was at an end.

I entered the room, telling Mr. Bruff and Betteredge that they might follow me. There was no fear of disturbing him. We were free to move and speak.

"The first thing to settle," I said, "is the question of what we are to do with him. He will probably sleep for the next six or seven hours at least. It is some distance to carry him back to his own room. When I was younger I could have done it alone. But my health and strength are not what they were—I am afraid I must ask you to help me."

Before they could answer Miss Verinder called to me softly. She met me at the door of her room with a light shawl and with the counterpane from her own bed.

"Do you mean to watch him while he sleeps?" she asked.

"Yes. I am not sure enough of the action of the opium, in his case, to be willing to leave him alone."

She handed me the shawl and the counterpane.

"Why should you disturb him?" she whispered. "Make his bed on the sofa. I can shut my door and keep in my room."

It was infinitely the simplest and the safest way of disposing of him for the night. I mentioned the suggestion to Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, who both approved of my adopting it. In five minutes I had laid him comfortably on the sofa, and had covered him lightly with the counterpane and the shawl. Miss Verinder wished us good-night, and closed the door. At my request we three then drew round the table in the middle of the room, on which the candle was still burning, and on which writing materials were placed.

"Before we separate," I began, "I have a word to say about the experiment which has been tried to-night. Two distinct objects were to be gained by it. The first of these objects was to prove that Mr. Blake entered this room and took the Diamond last year, acting unconsciously and irresponsibly, under the influence of opium. After what you have both seen, are you both satisfied so far?"

They answered me in the affirmative, without a moment's hesitation.

"The second object," I went on, "was to discover what he did with the Diamond after he was seen by Miss Verinder to leave her sitting-room with the jewel in his hand on the birthday night. The gaining of this object depended, of course, on his still continuing exactly to repeat his proceedings of last year. He has failed to do that; and the purpose of the experiment is defeated accordingly. I can't assert that I am not disappointed at the result—but I can honestly say that I am not surprised by it. I told Mr. Blake from the first that our complete success in this matter depended on our completely reproducing in him the physical and moral conditions of last year; and I warned him that this was the next thing to a downright impossibility. We have only partially reproduced the conditions, and the experiment has been only partially successful in consequence. It is also possible that I may have administered too large a dose of laudanum. But I myself look upon the first reason that I have given as the true reason why we have to lament a failure, as well as to rejoice over a success."

After saying those words I put the writing materials before Mr. Bruff, and asked him if he had any objection—before we separated for the night—to draw out, and sign, a plain statement of what he had seen. He at once took the pen, and produced the statement with the fluent readiness of a practiced hand.

"I owe you this," he said, signing the paper, "as some atonement for what passed between us earlier in the evening. I beg your pardon, Mr. Jennings, for having doubted you. You have done Franklin Blake an inestimable service. In our legal phrase, you have paved your case."

Betteredge's apology was characteristic of the man.

"Mr. Jennings," he said, "when you read Robinson Crusoe again (which I strongly recommend you to do), you will find that he never scruples to acknowledge it when he turns out to have been in the wrong. Please to consider me, Sir, as doing what Robinson Crusoe did on the present occasion." With those words he signed the paper in his turn.

Mr. Bruff took me aside as we rose from the table.

"One word about the Diamond," he said. "Your theory is, that Franklin Blake hid the Moonstone in his room. My theory is, that the Moonstone is in the possession of Mr. Luker's bankers in London. We won't dispute which of us is right. We will only ask, which of us is in a position to put his theory to the test first?"

"The test, in my case," I answered, "has been tried to-night, and has failed."

"The test, in my case," rejoined Mr. Bruff, "is still in process of trial. For the last two days I have had a watch set for Mr. Luker at the bank; and I shall cause that watch to be continued until the last day of the month. I know that he must take the Diamond himself out of his bankers' hands—and I am acting on the chance that the person who has pledged the Diamond may force him to do this by redeeming the pledge. In that case I may be able to lay my hand on the person. And there is a prospect of our clearing up the mystery, exactly at the point where the mystery baffles us now! Do you admit that, so far?"

I admitted it readily.

"I am going back to town by the ten o'clock train," pursued the lawyer. "I may hear, when I get back, that a discovery has been made—and it may be of the greatest importance that I should have Franklin Blake at hand to appeal to if necessary. I intend to tell him, as soon as he wakes, that he must return with me to London. After all that has happened may I trust to your influence to back me?"

"Certainly!" I said.

Mr. Bruff shook hands with me and left the room. Betteredge followed him out.

I went to the sofa to look at Mr. Blake. He had not moved since I had laid him down and made his bed—he lay locked in a deep and quiet sleep.

While I was still looking at him I heard the bedroom door softly opened. Once more Miss Verinder appeared on the threshold in her pretty summer dress.

"Do me a last favor," she whispered. "Let me watch him with you."

I hesitated—not in the interests of propriety; only in the interest of her night's rest. She came close to me and took my hand.

"I can't sleep; I can't even sit still in my own room," she said. "Oh, Mr. Jennings, if you were me, only think how you would long to sit and look at him! Say yes! Do!"

Is it necessary to mention that I gave way? Surely not!

She drew a chair to the foot of the sofa. She looked at him in a silent ecstasy of happiness till the tears rose in her eyes. She dried her eyes, and said she would fetch her work. She fetched her work, and never did a single stitch of it. It lay in her lap—she was not even able to look away from him long enough to thread her needle. I thought of my own youth; I thought of the gentle eyes which had once looked love at *me*. In the heaviness of my heart I turned to my Journal for relief, and wrote in it what is written here.

So we kept our watch together in silence. One of us absorbed in his writing; the other absorbed in her love.

Hour after hour he lay in his deep sleep. The light of the new day grew and grew in the room, and still he never moved.

Toward six o'clock I felt the warning which told me that my pains were coming back. I was obliged to leave her alone with him for a little while. I said I would go up stairs and fetch another pillow for him out of his room. It was not a long attack this time. In a little while I was able to venture back and let her see me again.

I found her at the head of the sofa when I returned. She was just touching his forehead with her lips. I shook my head as soberly as I could, and pointed to her chair. She looked back at me with a bright smile and a charming color in her face. "You would have done it," she whispered, "in my place!"

* * * * * *

It is just eight o'clock. He is beginning to move for the first time.

Miss Verinder is kneeling by the side of the sofa. She has so placed herself that when his eyes first open they must open on her face.

Shall I leave them together?

Yes!

* * * * * *

Eleven o'clock.—They have arranged it among themselves; they have all gone to London by the ten o'clock train. My brief dream of happiness is over. I have awakened again to the realities of my friendless and lonely life.

I dare not trust myself to write down the kind words that have been said to me—especially by Miss Verinder and Mr. Blake. Besides, it is needless. Those words will come back to me in my solitary hours, and will help me through what is left of the end of my life. Mr. Blake is to write, and tell me what happens in London. Miss Verinder is to return to Yorkshire in the autumn (for her marriage, no doubt); and I am to take a holiday, and be a guest in the house. Oh me, how I felt it, as the grateful happiness looked at me out of her eyes, and the warm pressure of her hand said, "This is your doing!"

My poor patients are waiting for me. Back again, this morning, to the old routine! Back again, to-night, to the dreadful alternative between the opium and the pain!

God be praised for his mercy! I have seen a little sunshine—I have had a happy time.

NEW ENGLAND FACTORY LIFE.

WHEN CHARLES DICKENS was first in this country he made many examinations of our industrial and our humane institutions, our prison and our slavery systems; and when he returned home he published those famous "Notes," which we have been used to hear cried down as prejudiced and false, because they abused slavery and heartily condemned some other of our less terrible national crimes and social peculiarities. But among the things which he did not condemn was the New England factory system, as he saw it at Lowell, Massachusetts; and his chapter contrasting the laborers in the mills there and those in the mills at Manchester in Old England, is one of the most interesting passages in the "Notes." He narrates, with much more detail than we have room for, that he visited one of the factories "just as the dinner-hour was over, and the girls were returning to their work," and "the stair of the mill was thronged with them." He states that "they were well-dressed, but not, to my thinking, above their condition; they had serviceable bonnets, good, warm cloaks and shawls; they had the manners and deportment of young women, not of degraded brutes of burden." He describes the rooms in which they worked as being "as well ordered as themselves;" he tells that they were healthy, clean, and happy, and solemnly declares that "from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day, I can not recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression." He has painted, too, their life in the boarding-houses of the town, their "joint-stock pianos," their "circulating libraries," their "newspaper and literary magazine, the Lowell *Offering*," and, altogether, has given a pleasant idea of their existence. And he illustrated his idea of their great numbers, and their holiday existence and attire, by stating that "on the occasion of a visit from General JACKSON, or General HARRISON," (he does not remember which), "he walked through three miles and a half of these young ladies, all dressed out with parasols and silk stockings."

This general account applies to factory life throughout all the Northeastern States, where, without doubt, it has less of horror, is accompanied by less of disease and misery contingent on the labor, and is better paid than in any other part of the world. Mr. DICKENS, of course, could see only the bright side of the picture, seeing it as he did, and as all previously heralded observers who threaten to be critical necessarily must; but looking at the dark side—taking into consideration the troubles attendant on this as on all trades and all conditions of life—it is very certain that every considerate, thinking man will agree with Mr. DICKENS that in these mills there are few young girls whom, assuming it to be a matter of necessity that they should gain their daily bread by the labor of their hands, he would remove if he had the power.

One of the most interesting sights to be witnessed in the various factory towns of the North is the dispersion of the hands at the conclusion of the day's work, or at "bell-time," as the hour is called by the operatives. Our artist has on page 472 illustrated such a scene with great power and effect, and his picture will prove a study to every intelligent reader. The scene sketched is at Lawrence, Massachusetts; the Washington Mills at that place employ about 2500 operatives, and it is these who are seen crossing the bridge over the run which supplies the water-power to the factory, and wending their way homeward. But the drawing will apply to dozens of New England factory towns: the same faces, the same costumes, the same characters may be seen at "bell-time" on the streets of every great manufacturing town in New England and the Middle States.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Now that the Fourth of July has fairly passed out of sight for this year, and the patriotic enthusiasm of the masses has measurably vanished with the rockets and Roman candles and the money expended for them, it may not be amiss for sensible people to consider whether the dignity of our nation might not be equally well sustained, and the real pleasure and comfort of our people greatly increased, by adopting such amusements in celebrating this anniversary as would not involve the utter destruction of so much money as has been, by the consent of the authorities, absolutely burnt up, on this last "Fourth," and on previous similar occasions. The people must, of course, celebrate the Nation's birthday. It is fitting and proper. They must have a holiday, and a good time; or at least make the attempt. It may be an old custom to make noisy demonstrations of joy; but old customs may be improved upon, and we are only improving by making more and more noise, and burning up more and more money every year. The city becomes unendurable to quiet folks on that day, and the most frightful accidents occur, to say nothing of the general discomfort which a dangerous powder-smoking demonstration really causes, but which so-called patriotism refuses to admit.

Of course it is not to be expected that Young America will give up all their booming cannons and fizzing fire-works; the young like noise and display. But may not those whose tastes have been refined and cultivated by years or education lend their influence in favor of more harmless and wholesome pleasures? There is a happy medium to be taken. Nobody would like to see the anniversary of American Independence pass wholly unobserved. Last year we survived the day amidst the incessant fire, fizzle, booming, cracking, and snapping of New York city. This year, while on an excursion with a party of trout-fishers amidst the mountains of Maine, we chanced, on the evening of July 3, to come to a pleasant little village, where we spent the night. Of course we expected early next morning to be aroused by sundry noisy demonstrations: on the contrary, no sound broke the stillness of the morning air. No gun, no pistol, no fire-cracker, no torpedo, no ringing bell, *nothing!* A Sabbath silence pervaded the place. Opposed as we are to a succession of hideous noises, we should have been glad to hear as much as a popgun. Perhaps something did happen there before the Fourth was past; we know not, for we left the place early in the day, wondering at this novel way of celebrating our independence. This is one extreme; the mode adopted in large cities, of spending thousands of dollars of the public money in exhibitions which are attended with more danger and exciting fatigue than wholesome enjoyment, is the other. Can not less money be burned up next year, and suitably-arranged excursions, and other health-giving pleasures, take in part the place of fire-works and warlike demonstrations?

It is estimated by competent judges that the total number of torpedoes manufactured in Greenpoint and Southold during the past year is between 110,000,000 and 120,000,000. They are sold to wholesale dealers, who ship them to all parts of the world. So long as they are kept dry torpedoes do not deteriorate by age, but on the contrary the volume of sound is increased. They range in price from thirty cents per thousand. Formerly the Southern States used to be one of the best markets for the sale of torpedoes, but the war changed all that. The manufacturers consume annually a large amount of silver, mostly American coin, in preparing the fulminating powder which explodes the torpedo on coming in contact with any hard substance; the premium on silver, joined with the high price of alcohol, tissue paper, and other material, at one time reduced the profits of the business to so low a figure as to cause a partial suspension, but it has since improved considerably.

The Falmouth Hotel, which has been recently opened in Portland, Maine, is one of the finest and most pleasantly-arranged hotels in the country. The Middle Street frontage is built of Albert stone, and the Union Street of brick, with iron columns and pilasters; being six stories high on the one street, and seven on the other. The building contains over two hundred and fifty rooms, which are warmed by steam, and in every way well-adapted to the comfort of the guests. At the opening of this hotel the doors were thrown open, and 1500 invited guests admitted to admire its arrangements. A delegation of about 600 persons came from Boston, by special train, on this occasion.

A beautiful piece of mechanism which has lately been exhibited in Boston is a miniature locomotive with tender, the former about fifteen inches and the latter about eight inches in length, composed of 188 ounces of silver and 37½ ounces of gold. It is a miniature representation, in exact symmetrical proportion, of "Engine No. 16" of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, and in its most minute detail, even to the number of rivets, it accurately represents its great prototype. The engineer and fireman are seen at their posts, and are literally solid (silver) men. The locomotive stands upon a rose-wood box, within which is a music-box manufactured in Geneva, and when it commences playing the driving wheels and the eccentric rods and the working parts move in perfect unison to airs from the Grand Duchess, five of which are given, including "*Le sabre de mon pere*" and "*J'aime le militaire.*" The value of this very beautiful piece of workmanship is $4500.

Every thing goes by fashion, especially in flighty Paris. Once it used to be the style for young ladies to look as if they were fed on rose-leaves and zephyrs. But those days are past. Now it is the fashion to like mutton-chops, beef-steaks, and good things generally. Of course this fashion will come across the waters, and our young ladies may yet look strong and healthy.

A very remarkable and interesting story is related of some New Hampshire sheep, which our readers are at liberty to believe or discredit as they please. A farmer, living in Salisbury, has a flock of twenty-eight sheep, which during the winter were housed in a place where their wool became filled with hay-seed. They have been out to pasture for several weeks past, and the excessive wet weather has caused the seed to sprout, and they are now bearing about with them a crop of grass two inches in length. It is thought that if the wet weather continues much longer the clover will blossom.

A Portland man has a mania for collecting pipes. He has 365 different varieties, consisting of meerschaum, brier, china, French clay, glass, and common clay dudeens.

Owners of greenbacks and bonds continue to hide them away in unsuspected places, sometimes to their own great annoyance and discomfort, if not with positive loss. A Willimantic man placed $700 in bonds and a bank-book, bearing $500 credit, in a pile of old magazines, which his wife a few days after sold to a peddler. Imagine the fear and trembling with which he posted to the peddler when he found it out! He succeeded, however, after some serious arguments, in recovering his property.

The Siamese Twins—Chang and Eng—after living in very close proximity for nearly sixty years, have come to the determination to submit to a surgical operation to divide the ligament which binds them together. The reason of their resolution is said to be the fear that one of them may be the subject of a disease which will prove fatal to both. Whether a successful operation can be performed is no new question, the surgical world having discussed it long ago. But science has advanced rapidly within the last half century, and the Twins contemplate visiting Paris for the purpose of practically learning what can be done for them. They are now living on a farm in North Carolina.

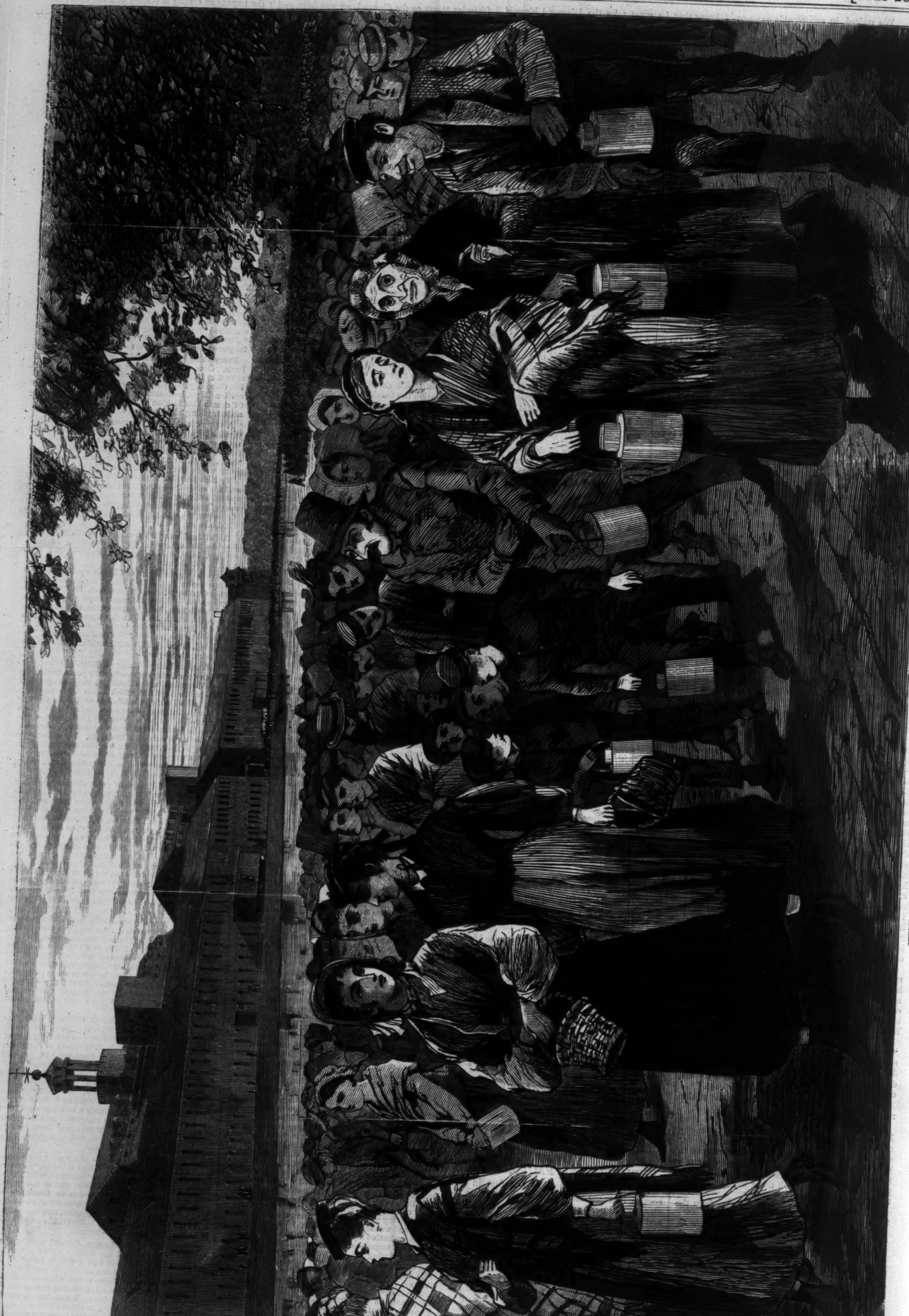
A new style of bonnet, of great elegance, has just been received from Paris. There is no need to go to milliners—each lady can easily make it herself, and therefore we give the "recipe" for the "Ophelia bonnet," as it is called. Take ten or fifteen roses, or any other flowers which you fancy; twine them into a wreath; place it upon your head, and the exquisite creation is a bonnet. If your tastes incline in that direction, you may substitute fruit for flowers; a garland of blushing cherries, and bunches of currants artistically woven with fresh leaves, are quoted as the height of the fashion. If you choose strawberries or raspberries, be careful and select those that are not too ripe. The wild Azalea, or the mountain laurel, is appropriate for the season.

There is a prize for somebody in one of the large Meriden manufactories, if somebody can only find it. A fascinating and immensely wealthy young lady is working, by her own choice, as a common operative there. She carefully conceals the knowledge of her wealth, wears unassuming clothes, and differs in no outward respect from those by whom she is surrounded. The reason for this eccentricity is that she is waiting for some interesting young man to woo and win her "for herself alone." What a rush of young men to Meriden there will be!

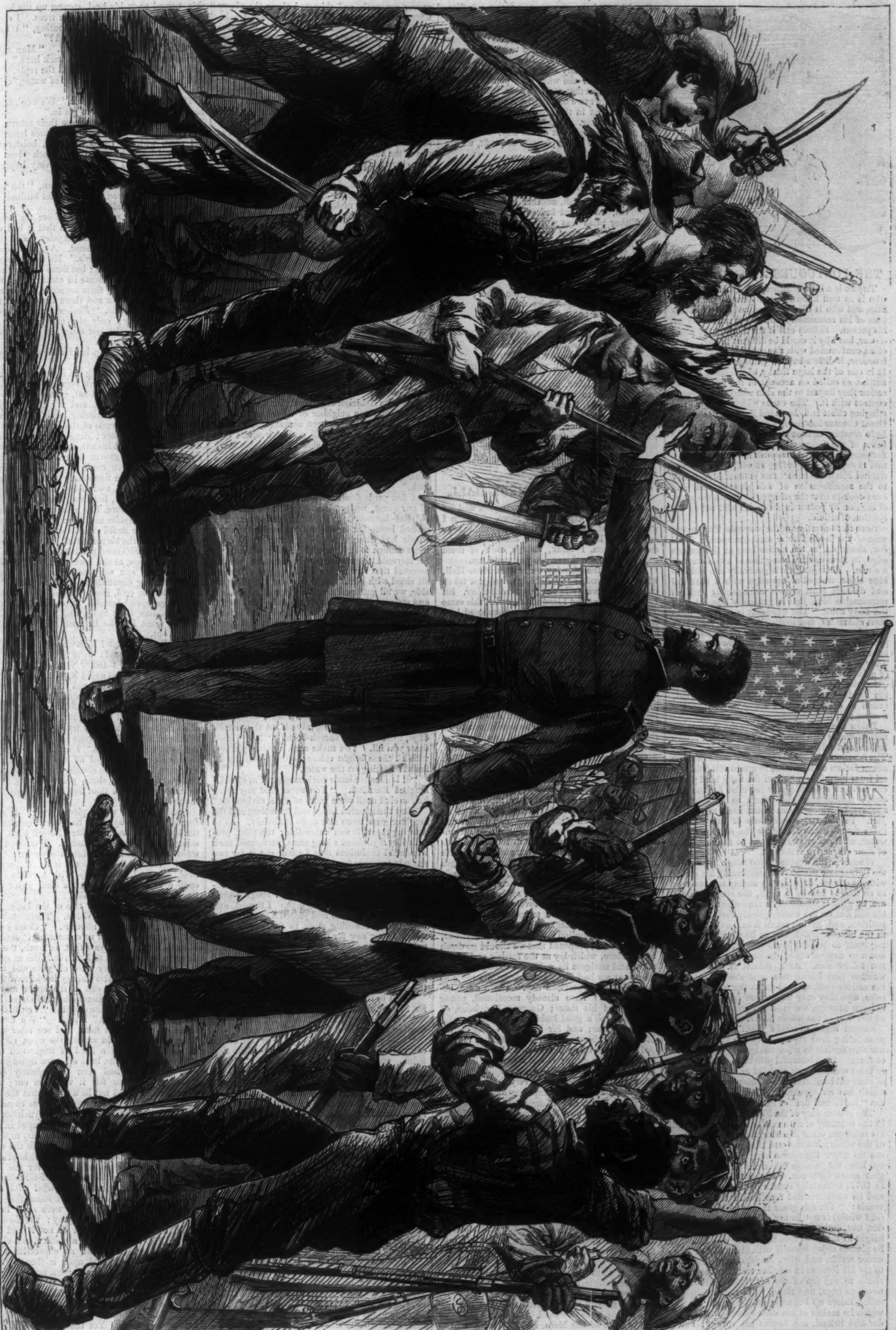
The beautiful town of South Reading, Massachusetts, combined its patriotic observance of the Fourth of July with a formal celebration of the adoption of its new name of Wakefield. The names of the towns called South Reading, North Reading, and Reading have led to so much confusion in the transmission of mail matter, and freight, and articles by express, that the inhabitants have been almost unanimous in their desire to adopt a different title. A wealthy citizen, Mr. Cyrus Wakefield, having recently made a gift to the town of money for building a new town-hall, the name of "Wakefield" was suggested and adopted; and the town commenced its existence under its new name on the Fourth. Pleasant and appropriate exercises were held during the day.

Lake Memphremagog is one of the most enchanting bodies of water in the world, and it indicates exceeding good taste in the great sea-serpent, which is reported to be located in its waters, that he has chosen such a charming abode. There is an abundance of room for the monster to spread himself and swim in, luscious trout to satisfy his appetite, and the scenery upon the banks and vicinity is beautiful enough to delight the most insensible creature.

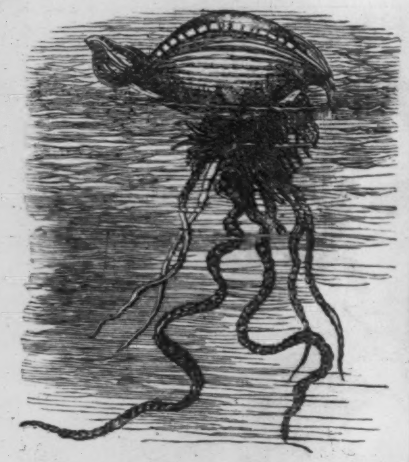
"Carleton," in the Boston *Journal*, writing from Mocha, begins to tell his readers about this great Arabian coffee port, and how coffee is raised in the interior and brought down on camels, and how delicious is the flavor of Mocha coffee, when suddenly he breaks off from his subject, declaring it too painful, in these days of burnt beans, brown bread, roasted corn, chiccory, and carrots, to think of those good old times when every body knew that breakfast was ready by the delicious aroma which exhaled from the coffee-pot in the kitchen.



NEW ENGLAND FACTORY LIFE—"BELL-TIME."—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 467.]



THE PORTUGUESE MAN-O'-WAR.

THERE is a little creature which sails the ocean who is as well known to mariners as the North Star, and who is distinguished both by the boldness of his seamanship and the great beauty of his person. Sailors call it the Portuguese man-o'-war, but why it would be difficult to say. It is often confounded with the nautilus, from which, however, it differs both in genus and appearance. It is one of the large family of *Medusæ*, or sea-nettles, so called on account of the burning sensation they impart to the skin when they come in contact with it. The cause which produces this stinging effect is to be found in the provision the Great Creator has made for the protection of the little creature against its foes. Concealed in the tubes of the feelers with which it is abundantly furnished is an acrid substance, which the animal is capable of ejecting at will, though some natural historians assert that contact is necessary to the manifestation of this phenomenon, and even declare that the stinging is due to the actual incision by points in the feeler, and not to the ejection of a fluid.

Seen on the surface of the water the Portuguese man-o'-war looks like a semi-transparent bladder, about six to ten inches long at the water's edge, its form upward being that of a quadrant of a circle. This quadrant is generally of a whitish-blue color, fringed at the edge with a beautiful and delicate pink, or not unfrequently with an ultramarine blue, that is gradually blended with the body color. The quadrant is of a membranous character, and looks like a shell, for which it is often mistaken; its sides are somewhat compressed, and descend from a narrow apex to a base varying from two to four inches in breadth. They are also crinkled, or ribbed, so as to allow of a reduction of sail at the will of the creature—for the membranous quadrant is as a sail to the *Medusa*, and, being exposed to the wind, seems to drive its owner along faster than the fleetest yacht.

Below the surface of the water the Portuguese man-o'-war is seen to consist of a bundle of brown feelers and tubes that look like so many roots. The function of these is manifold: some of them act as feelers or look-outs, to guard the bold vessel from harmful cruisers of the fishy kind; others serve to seize the prey required for the *Medusa's* sustenance; and others as grapplers or anchors, by which it can fasten itself to any object. In the large specimens of this *Medusa* these roots stretch far below the surface of the water, where they straggle out in the fulfillment of their respective functions.

Whenever the weather is too rough to allow of the Portuguese man-o'-war continuing his course without danger, or when an enemy too powerful to be fought heaves in sight, the singular creature, by what is apparently a muscular action, lays his sail flat on the water, quickly furls it in that position, and, having taken it in, lets out the air in the bladder which acts as its float, and allowing itself to become dead-weight, sinks rapidly down to depths where the curiosity of man can not follow him. As a rule it is only in fine weather that Portuguese men-o'-war are seen; the sailors look upon them as the harbingers of calm, and they may be seen on occasions sailing in large convoys, the most picturesque little craft on the face of the whole ocean.

Should night overtake them while they are prosecuting their voyage, they are prepared with warning signals to other navigators to keep clear of them. By a beautiful provision of their Maker these creatures are enabled to make the whole of their sail luminous with a phosphorescent light, which has an appearance kindred with that of the "ineffectual fire" of the glow-worm.

The precise duty of the Portuguese man-o'-war in the economy of nature is not well ascertained. Its relatives, other *Medusæ*, form the chief food of the whale; but this one, though its dimensions are no larger than have been already stated, is too large for passage down the narrow gullet of that great Cetacean. Richard Ligon, writing in 1673, beautifully speaks both of the creature and its unascertained function in the following words: "Yet this great master-piece of nature (the whale) is not, in my opinion, so full of wonder, nor doth raise the consideration to such a height as this little fish, the curvil, who can when he pleases enjoy himself with his neighbor fishes under water, and when he puts on a resolution to try his fortune in another element, the air, he riseth to the top of the sea, let the billows go never so high, and there, without the help of a sailor, raises up his main-mast, spreads his sail, which he makes of his own sinews, fits his rudder and ballast, and begins his voyage; but to what coast he is bound, or what traffic he intends, himself and He that made him only can tell. Fishes there are none to prey on, nor flies, and therefore it is not for food he travels. I have seen them five hundred leagues from any land. If his voyage be to any port, he must have a long time and much patience to go thither; if to sea, he's there already. In one thing he hath the advantage of any ship that ever sailed, for he can go nearer the wind by a point than the most yare friggot that ever was built, which shows how far nature can exceed art. Another advantage he has that in the greatest tempest he never fears drowning. Compass nor card he needs not, for he is never out of his way. Whether, then, his voyage be for pleasure or profit, we are yet to seek."

THE GOLDEN TEMPTER.

ONE had wealth, another beauty;
  Oh, 'twas hard indeed to choose;
Either prize was worth the winning,
  Each too great by far to lose;
One was rich, and one was handsome—
  Wealth was ugly, Beauty poor;
Beauty maketh Wealth more wealthy,
  Wealth increases Beauty's store.

"Rob the one, and wed the other;"
  Silence, tempter, get thee gone;
What are both, devoid of honor?
  Worse than either when alone.
Conscience is not bribed by riches,
  Wealth is not a salve for crime;
Crime will stain the soul forever,
  Conscience rack you in your prime.

Limbs to labor, brain to guide them,
  Health to keep them firm and strong;
And a lass, brimful of beauty,
  Are a fortune to the young.
These are mine, and shall I leave them,
  Cozened by deceitful gold?
Get thee gone, thou bold deceiver,
  Tempt me when I'm getting old.

THE TRAGEDY AT MERE HALL.

IT was a golden afternoon in August, and we were a party of eight on the Mere, of whom I was the eldest, the others being mostly giddy boys and girls. They will none of them ever forget that afternoon, I think, though each of them should live to see threescore years and ten.

When on the Monday we met at Mere Hall, which our friend, Lady Ashleigh, had just taken on a lease, we were all strangers to each other. St. Leger De Maine and I laughed together, this same Thursday afternoon, when we remembered how we had come down from town, three days before, in the same carriage, had read our respective papers, and had never uttered a word, like true Englishmen, during four mortal hours. For here were we, on the Thursday, already intimate friends. Miss Vivien Galway was also in the train, and I, who knew her by sight at London balls, felt rather alarmed when I found her alighting at the Mere Hall station. So fashionable a young lady would, I thought, spoil all our simple pleasures in the country; she turned out to be the life and soul of the fun—until that fun came to a sudden and untimely end.

Our charming hostess had only been at Mere Hall a few days when we arrived; it was all new to her, the people on the estate and in the neighborhood unknown, the very park itself unexplored. It was a sweet old place, much neglected by reason of the impoverished fortunes of its owner, overgrown with mosses, and its garden choked with weeds, but affording ample accommodation for twice our party in its endless bedrooms, furnished in faded chintz and peopled with many generations on its walls. On the strength of certain festivities in the neighborhood Lady Ashleigh had bidden us down here, though she was, of course, any thing but settled in her new home; but Rosalind, her lovely little daughter, was of an age and of a temperament to enjoy every thing, and for her sake this impromptu party was got up. Rosalind it was who, this afternoon, after luncheon, proposed that we should go down to the Mere, which lay at the further end of the park, and navigate its unknown waters in a certain punt we had remarked among the reeds as we rode by the previous day. There were, besides those I have already mentioned, young Apsley and his sister; Georgey Fynchden, of the Fusileers, a good-looking, impudent, engaging youngster; and Sir Reynald Vavasour, the oldest and soberest of the party, next to myself. All the heads of the families had been expressly invited to stay away; it was a party of boys and girls brimming over with good spirits, among whom I felt I must seem a very slow coach, for I could neither swallow sixpences and bring them out of my boots, as St. Leger De Maine did, nor walk round my own head twenty times without falling flat on the ground, like Georgey Fynchden, nor catch gooseberries in my mouth when they were thrown at me ten yards off, like that expert young Apsley. I could only sketch; and, unless I caricatured them all, this mild accomplishment was incapable of bringing any grist of fun to the common mill. Yet they were very long-suffering with me, I am bound to say; and sweet Rosalind, especially, with her pretty little ways, tried to make me feel that I was not a cumbersome appendage to this joyous band. We walked across the park, through green herbage, topped with tall, feathery grasses, which became a sheet of tremulous silver as the sun shimmered along their edges. Then through a wood of firs, whose branches interlaced against the sky, where white-tailed squirrels were leaping from bough to bough, and the ground was carpeted with the resinous fibre of the trees overhead. At length we came to the edge of the Mere, and here we looked to find the boat, but it was nowhere to be seen. A wild duck or two fluttered up from the bulrushes at our approach, and skimmed along the glassy water, leaving a pearly ripple in their track; there was nothing else in sight. But the Mere was a mile and a half round, with many a creek and hooded cove, where the boat might have drifted and now lie unseen. We resolved to walk round, and, if possible, find it. There was a roughish path along the water's edge, now over big pebbles, now through high weeds and brambles, with the wide-armed elms leaning over, here and there, till they touched the water; the steep bank of wood running up almost perpendicularly from it in places. Georgey Fynchden, who was in front, had just propounded some riddle, apropos of the bulrushes, about Moses (the most prolific character for such *jeux d'esprit* in Sacred Writ), when Vivien Galway, who was next him, suddenly stopped and exclaimed, in a stage whisper, "Good gracious! Look there—under that tree—is it the melancholy Jaques? Come, Rosalind, *you* ought to know; are we going to act *As you like it?* If it isn't Jaques who is it, sitting by the water's edge in that attitude? Look, he doesn't even raise his head when he hears us."

We were, in truth, close beneath the fallen trunk on which the man in question was sitting, high up, upon the bank, but just where an opening in the trees gave an uninterrupted view over the greater part of the lake. He had nothing on his head, and his hair, which was of a light brown color and abundant, was in the wildest disorder; but we could not see his face, which he kept buried in his hands. He was dressed in a shooting-jacket, and part of a fishing-rod lay beside him on the bank.

"What business has he here?" said Fynchden. "Who is he? I vote we ask him."

But Miss Ashleigh suggested that it was, in all probability, some neighbor or tenant of her mother's, who had always been accustomed to wander about the place at will, and with whose prescriptive rights Lady Ashleigh would be sorry to interfere without first making inquiries.

"He is a very queer-looking fellow," said De Maine, as we walked on. "I don't half like his look."

A few yards further we came upon the object of our quest, wedged in among the rushes. An old flat-bottomed boat, which had apparently drifted here—for it was not moored where the weeds had caught it. Was it safe? Was it large enough to hold us all? I declared *not*, but Sir Reynald, the next senior in command, stoutly asserted that it was; and the juniors of course all sided with him. As it was wet and dirty inside, we all gathered armfuls of grass and leaves, and strewed them in the stern of the boat for the ladies to sit on. Then the three skipped in, and squeezed themselves and their gay striped petticoats into the narrowest possible space; and the four young fellows jumped in after them, Fynchden seizing the long punting pole, and Apsley the one dilapidated oar. From no selfish pusillanimity was it that I hesitated to follow; but really the crazy old tub looked already dangerously full: another human being would, I thought, make "the cup o'erflow." I therefore resisted Miss Ashleigh's kind supplications that I would not desert them, and seating myself on the water's edge, I drew out my sketch-book. "No; I must draw you all. You make such a pretty picture, with all those bright colors; quite a bouquet of flowers floating on the water."

"It is distance lends enchantment, I'm afraid," laughed Rosalind. "You never said any thing half so civil until some yards of water divided us."

They then floated away, and the voices and the laughter grew more and more indistinct. As to drawing them, it was impossible; the punt, propelled by Fynchden's long arms, performed such wonderful evolutions that I never got it for two seconds together from the same point of view. I had just shut my book in disgust, when I heard a step behind me. The boat was by this time nearing a long, narrow promontory of rough stones on the opposite side of the lake. I turned, and found the stranger we had passed a quarter of an hour before standing close to me. His face, which I now saw for the first time, was deadly pale, and the effect of ghastliness was increased by a recent cut upon the cheek, where the blood was scarcely yet dry. The sweat stood out in great drops upon his forehead, and I observed that his hand trembled nervously as he spoke.

"Call to them to come back, Sir. Tell them not to—not to go out there, will you?"

"Why? Isn't the boat safe?" I exclaimed, starting up. "Does it leak?"

"No—yes—yes, it isn't safe. For God's sake call to them to come back from that—from that point. Shout to them, Sir, won't you?"

And I shouted; for the man's agitation was so great that it conveyed to me some vague sense of imminent danger, though the obvious question rose to my lips immediately I saw the boat's head, in answer to my signals, swing round,

"But if the boat isn't sea-worthy, they had better land on that side instead of recrossing the lake?"

"Any where but there—let them land any where but there! Let them recross the lake—let them land any where but there!"

"Have you been in the boat yourself, to-day?"

He gave me a terrified stare, like a wild beast brought to bay. "No, I have *not* been in it. No one can say I was in it. I defy them to prove it. I mean," here he pressed his hand to his head, and moaned, "if there is any—any—any thing amiss with the boat, I didn't do it."

I now made up my mind that the man was mad, and this conclusion, though not altogether a pleasant one, as we stood together on the water's edge (and the man was a head and shoulders taller than I), relieved my anxiety somewhat as to my friends' peril, they being still some distance from the shore. But any personal apprehension, if I entertained it, was quickly dispelled; for the stranger, almost instantly after this, turned upon his heel, sprang up the bank, and was quickly lost among the trees. I could now hear Fynchden's voice, shouting, "What's the row? Do you want to get in?"

"Boat isn't safe," I bellowed. "Man says, shore there dangerous. Come back here."

"Tell him he's an idiot!" was the reply.

"The punt hasn't let in a drop of water," cried De Maine.

Then rose the chorus of girls, "We won't come back, unless you promise to get in."

It was the only way to secure their return, so I promised; and three or four minutes later the old punt, with its cargo of blithe, boisterous, young spirits, ran up on the beach close to where I stood. I told my story very impressively, as I thought.

"Depend on it," said Fynchden, "the lout was drunk. Did you ask him what business he had in the boat at all?"

They pulled up some boards from the boat's bottom, to verify their assertion that it had not made a drop of water, when Apsley called out, "Hallo! look what I've found. A pocket-book! It must be that mad duffer's." He was not scrupulous as to examining it; but there was no name on the first page to indicate its owner. A number of entries—chiefly farm accounts, apparently—were scrawled here and there throughout the book, and the words, "*Reuben owes me*," occurred constantly; only the sum steadily increased until, in the last entry, it reached upward of seventy pounds.

"There is method in his madness, at least," laughed De Maine.

They insisted on getting me into the boat, and disposed of me somewhere between Sir Reynald Vavasour's legs, where I sat, crunched up, with my knees in my mouth, and my head hanging over the boat's side, stirring, with the bulrush that I held, the marvels of the little deep, as we lazily clove the water; dragon-flies, and wondrous many-winged insects, forests of tiny pink-eyed weeds, and groves of red-brown water-mosses. Anon, we came to shallower water, and I could see the fine sandy bed of the Mere, starred with green, and violet, and golden pebbles, fitted together, here and there, by the cunning hand of nature, into shapes of tesselated pavement. Tadpoles and minnows darted across from under the awful shadow of the punt as we advanced, but the bigger fish all kept to the deeper and weed-thickened portions of the Mere.

We were now at the lower end of it, and began working our way round by the opposite shore, floating dreamily on, like the Lotos-Eaters, under the cool, green light of the overhanging, large-leaved boughs. Some one struck up the Canadian Boat Song, and we all joined in chorus, when I broke in upon the harmony by calling out,

"Hallo, Fynchden! look where we are. Turn the boat's head round; we're not fifty yards from the very point that fellow warned me against. We may just as well avoid it, you know."

"Stuff! what danger can there be? I vote, on the contrary, we make straight for it;" and, disregarding my sapient voice, on we went. The water, though still translucent, was much deeper as we neared the stony tongue of land which advanced into the lake some thirty yards beyond the bank on either side. I called out lustily to Fynchden not to propel us any more with his long pole, lest haply he should drive in the boat's bottom upon some sharp point of rock. We were now not more than five or six yards from the promontory.

Suddenly there was a piercing cry. It came from Miss Galway, who had been hanging on the boat's side, and now threw herself back, covering her face with her hands. I stooped forward and looked down into the water. Good God! What was it? Could it be...?...*a face*, livid, distorted, staring up, with horrible wide-open eyes at me, through the clear water from the stony bottom of the lake.

Most of the men, and two of the ladies, had had the same horrible vision. There could be no doubt, no question about it. "Come away! For Heaven's sake, let us come away!" shrieked Miss Galway; and I saw that, in truth, the first thing to be done was to land the ladies as speedily as possible. They were all pale and trembling. I thought Miss Galway would have fainted as I handed her out of the boat; and the scene of terror and dismay natural on such an occasion I need not here detail. "You had better go home at once," I said. "We must—some of us—remain here, and see after this." They turned away in among the trees, clinging to each other like a herd of frightened deer, while we pushed the boat off once again to the spot where we had seen that ghastly sight. There it was—we felt it with the oar; and, though there could not be a doubt that the man was dead, the most urgent matter was to get the body at once out of the water. Fynchden and Apsley threw off their coats and jumped in; we in the boat held the pole and the oar, to which they clung with one hand, while with the other they lifted the body. It was not without some difficulty they succeeded in this, for the body was very heavy; a fact accounted for when we found that the pockets were *filled with large stones.* Life had been extinct some time; he was quite cold. The hands were rigid in the convulsion of their death-agony; the face was awful to behold. Whether or not it had been evil in life, the horror of a sudden and violent death had scared it with an expression which none of us who looked upon it then, I think, will ever forget. He was a short, powerful man; from his dress apparently a well-to-do farmer. Who was he? What was his history? How did he come by his end? We had all one impression. The look stamped on the features did not belong to suicide. Yet the pockets filled with stones showed that this was no accidental death. There had been foul play. Our thoughts flew simultaneously to the man who had warned us from approaching this very spot—the man whose wild demeanor had led me to believe him to be a maniac. We held a brief consultation; then Apsley was dispatched to the keeper's lodge, half a mile distant, and Sir Reynald volunteered to return to the Hall, and send off a messenger to the nearest police-station, while the rest of us kept guard over the body. We laid it on the bank, spread a handkerchief over the face, and sat down together in silence.

The August sunset was dropping its great golden flakes upon the Mere: the purple twilight was stealing up from the sombre masses of the park woods: it was an impressive scene, in the unbroken calm of the summer's evening, contrasting forcibly with our thoughts and feelings as we sat there, beside a murdered man, whose life was unknown to us, whose death was a mystery. My speculations thereon were interrupted by Fynchden's touching me on the arm. He pointed, without speaking, to the opposite side of the Mere. Under the shadow of the trees I could just dimly perceive a figure running stealthily along: it was too far to identify it with certainty, but I had little doubt that it was that of the man on whom the thoughts of us all were turned at that moment. He disappeared among the trees, and we saw him no more. A quarter of an hour later we were joined by the keeper and several of the laborers on the estate. They at once recognized the dead man as Richard Boyce, the tenant of the Mere Hall farm. He was the elder of two brothers, whose father had rented the farm for many years, and had left the remainder of the lease to this Richard, subject to certain charges in favor of the younger son, Reuben. The latter, who lived with his brother, and nominally helped him, was but a poor creature in his way, who exasperated his brother by his idleness, and did nothing toward their common welfare. Fishing was almost his only occupation, and, though better educated than Richard, an indomitable indolence prevented his turning his acquirements to any account. He was generally good-tempered, and bore his brother's brutal jokes and attacks with wonderful patience; but he had been known occasionally to break out, and his violence then was stated to have been very great. He was said to be indebted to his brother in a considerable sum, and Richard had more than once threatened to eject him from the farm. On the other hand, Reuben had denied the justice of this claim, and had declared that it was not in his brother's power, under the stipulations of his father's will, to turn him out of the farm, as long as he chose to remain there. He further alleged that, shortly after his father's death, he had handed over a large sum of money to his brother for improvements on the farm; and he, in consequence, held himself to be entitled to some share of the profits from the same, not a penny of which had he ever received. It seemed doubtful whether he could bring forward any proof of this, for he was no man of business; some believed it, and some did not; one thing was clear—there was bad blood between the brothers. I need not say that in the description of the dead man's brother we at once detected the man we had seen—the man on whom all our suspicions now firmly rested. Every thing tended to strengthen these. There was now evidence of a probable motive for the commission of the crime. I got the men to carry the body to the farm, where it was arranged that some of us should await the arrival of the police, while the others returned to inform Lady Ashleigh of what had passed. Fortunately there was no wife, no child, nor near relation to whom the intelligence had to be broken; a couple of old servants, who had known the dead man from boyhood, were the only occupants of the farm. Reuben was absent, they said; had been so since dinner at one o'clock, when there had been high words between the brothers. Something of the quarrel had been overheard. There had been accusation and recrimination; bitter and insulting taunts from Richard had been replied to with more warmth than usual by Reuben. He had been called a beggar, a dependent on his brother's charity; he demanded now to be repaid the money he had given to Richard; then he would go. The quarrel waxed yet more violent, but the servants could not give a very clear account of what passed after this; as indeed, in a loud and angry altercation, it is difficult to do. Richard suddenly rose, and went out in the direction of the lake; his brother shortly followed him with his rod; he had not been seen since. A magistrate, resident in the neighborhood, who was riding by, and heard what had occurred, now appeared, and, on the arrival of the head of the police, the coroner was at once communicated with, while a summons was issued for the apprehension of Reuben Boyce, on suspicion of being concerned in the death of his brother.

During all this night, and the next morning, the search for him proved fruitless. In the mean time the coroner's inquest sat on the body, and returned an open verdict of Found Drowned. And yet, I believe, the fact of Reuben's having absconded left no reasonable doubt on any one's mind of his guilt. In the afternoon I learned that he had, at last, been caught hiding in a wood some miles distant. He was faint from want of food and from evident distress of mind; but he offered no resistance, manifested no surprise, proffered no explanation. He appeared, indeed, to be mentally, as well as physically, thoroughly worn out; the state of cerebral excitement under which he had shown himself to me, having been succeeded by a prostration so complete as to deaden the memory, if not the conscience. I was, of course, present when he was examined, and gave my deposition as to what had passed between the prisoner and myself on the edge of the Mere. He seemed scarcely to hear what I said; shook his head when asked whether he had any questions to put to me; and, when urged by the magistrate, in the kindest manner, to state if he was innocent, and support that statement by any evidence he could adduce, he only sighed deeply, and murmured that he believed his mind was gone from him: he could remember nothing. It seemed to him that his brain had been on fire: he supposed that he must have been mad.

"That's it," whispered De Maine to me. "He is not such a fool as he looks. You'll see, the man who defends him at the assizes will pull him through on the score of insanity."

Before committing the prisoner to jail the magistrate asked whether any further evidence was forthcoming—the deposition of the two servants having been taken. A policeman here said that there was a laboring man outside, with two boys, his sons, who said that they knew somewhat of the matter; and two intelligent-looking lads, of thirteen and eleven, were brought in.

I transcribe what followed as correctly as I can. I noted down the lads' evidence in their own quaint Dorset at the time, though I will not vouch for it that I made no mistake.

"We a-zeed Maister Boyce, Bill an' me did, when we were i' the wood. We a-zeed en come down to th' pon', an' tiake th' punt, what Maister Reuben fishes in mos' days. Zoo when Maister Reuben come, it wer' a-gone, an' we heard en swear a bit, an' he begun to fish from th' bank, till Maister Boyce 'e come wi' th' punt, an' begun a-callin' en niames, an' villed his pawkets wi' big stuones, an' begun a-peltin' Maister Reuben. Aone het en on's fiace, an' miade en bleed; an', hot-like, he picked en up an' a-drowed en back; but Maister Boyce 'e a-ducked his head, an' zomehow 'e a-vell roight for'ard i' th' water, an' 'cause o' th' stuones in's pawket, I z'pause, 'e never riz no muore. Maister Reuben giv' a girt cry, an' zeemed ztruck all o' a heap. 'E coodden reach en, 'cause in thik pliace th' pon's sa deep, tho' awnly a few yards fro' the bank. We wer' that a-feared, we dussn't stir; an' Maister Reuben, 'e run away like's if 'e wer' foolish, after a while, wi' his hand to's head."

"And why did you give no alarm? Why did you keep all this to yourself until now, pray?"

The magistrate asked this question somewhat severely, and the elder boy—the spokesman—hung his head. The younger one, with a burning cheek, at last took courage, and murmured what was unintelligible to me, until it was translated:

"Coz we was anutten what we didn't ought."

The magistrate himself looked puzzled for a moment, until the sergeant of police, with promptitude, explained that the witnesses had been stealing nuts in the Mere Hall woods, and had, therefore, been afraid, at first, to come forward and state what they had seen; until, their young consciences smiting them, when they learned how Reuben was suspected of murder, they revealed all to their father.

As to the accused, he had been listening to this evidence, meantime, with an expression of face which I shall never forget. With the first words the boy uttered it seemed as though the cloud began slowly to drift away from his troubled brain. The cheek kindled into a little spot of color, the deadened light of the eye revived, the breath came short and quick. As the boy spoke, the whole of that scene—the facts of which, I am confident, had completely faded from the memory of the unhappy man, while nothing but the horrible impression of them remained—the whole of that tragic scene returned to him with vivid distinctness; and he burst into tears. He seemed to wish to speak, but it was some minutes before he was sufficiently recovered to do so. At last he said in a broken voice:

"What you have heard, Sir, is the truth. I know it all now: my brain has been troubled. This is how it happened: We had words about money, and other things, *he* and I. He was—well! no matter, Sir, I can't say any thing against him now; but he swore I had no right to fish in the Mere, and shouldn't use the boat again. When I came down and found it gone, and him in it, I was angry, because I knew I had as good a right to it as him, and that he had taken it to rile me; but I began quietly to fish from the bank, until I saw him at the Point filling his pockets with stones. I guessed what he was after. In a minute or two he shoved in a bit nearer to me (out away in the deep water, however), and began blackguarding me, and pelting me with stones from his pocket. I kept my patience as long as I could, at last one cut my cheek open; and I picked it up and shied it back. He ducked his head; the stone fell into the boat close to him; and he—there was a plunge, and a yell, and he was gone, Sir! My God! I shall never forget it. I couldn't have saved him if I'd tried, for I can't swim; but I don't think—may God forgive me!—that, for the *first* moment I wished it; the next, I would have given any thing—any thing to have brought him back to life. I had killed him—it seemed to me so—and Cain's brand was upon me. My brain whirled round—it seemed on fire. I thought I was going mad. I didn't know what I was about, but I ran round the lake, as far away from the spot as possible. My hope, I think, was that the body would never be discovered; for no one ever used the boat but myself—ever went on the lake. I nearly died of horror, therefore, when I saw these men get into the boat—which had drifted to the opposite bank—and row toward the very spot. *I knew how clear the water was.* I tried, like a miserable fool, to prevent their going there. I scarcely know what I said to this gentleman; it was all of no use. I remember watching the boat after this, and seeing them bring up the body; and I remember nothing more. I believe I ran away into the thickest part of a distant wood, where they found me."

In the manner, not less than the words of the speaker, it was easy to trace the weak, impressionable character of the young farmer, who had received a somewhat unusual amount of education for one of his class, but whose mental fibre, never of the strongest, had given way before the sudden pressure of this catastrophe.

It was scarcely possible for circumstantial evidence to be stronger than it had been in this case; and how easily may one be misled by even far weaker? This was the moral that we all drew from the unlooked-for result of that morning's investigation. This man—round whom a net-work of circumstances was so strongly woven—whose story was so improbable, that, even had his memory been untroubled, the truth, told by him, would never have been believed; this man, whose demeanor, not less than the weight of evidence, seemed so conclusive against him, would assuredly have been tried at the next assizes, and found guilty of Manslaughter, but for the testimony of those two small eye-witnesses to the truth. Alas! how many an innocent man's life may have been sacrificed for want of such!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LATEST DEFINITION OF "MAN"—A tele-gram-inivorous animal.

THE RITUALISTS AND THE CHURCH OF ROME.

A church where Ritualists do congregate,
(Extreme ones, too)—was under reparation,
When lo! one day, a workman to his mate,
Mounting the pulpit, made this proclamation—
"I publish bans of holy matrimony
'Twixt this 'ere Ritual Church and she of Rome—
Know'st thou just cause against the splice, old crony?
Of course not—what! you do! your reason—come."
"I *do* forbid the bans," the mate replied—
"There's *one* impediment—it would be sin
To splice to such a bridegroom such a bride,
And this is why—*Cos they're too near a-kin.*"

An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months of age I was the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, to avenge herself upon my parents, for some fancied injury at their hands, one day *swapped me away* for another boy belonging to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain."

CONCERNING BONNETS.

Said Smith, when some one criticised
His pretty wife's new bonnet,
"She has so little *in* her head,
She can't bear much *upon* it."

HANG IT ALL!—The chances of the abolition of capital punishment—in Ireland, at least—would seem to be remote. The English Government has hanged one or two Fenians already, and now it is proposed to suspend the whole Irish Church.

A man, in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house which he often passed, said, "It cries 'Stop thief!' so naturally that every time I hear it *I always stop!*"

The following compliment was paid by a dentist to a lady. He had made several ineffectual attempts to draw out her decayed tooth, and finding at last he must give it up, he apologized by saying, "The fact is, Madame, it is impossible for any thing bad to come from your mouth."

The young lady who sang, "I wish somebody would come!" has had her desire gratified. Eleven city cousins have arrived, and intend to stay all the summer.

A clergyman of indifferent character, going to read prayers at another village, found great difficulty in putting on an old-fashioned surplice. "I think," said he to the clerk, "the devil is in the surplice." The astonished clerk stared until the parson got the garment on, and then sarcastically exclaimed, "I think as how he is, Sir!"

IRISH EPITAPH.

Here lies Lady O'Looney,
Great niece of Burke, commonly called
The Sublime.
She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious.
She also painted in water-colors,
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition.
She was first cousin to Lady Jones,
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

TO MAKE A YOUNG LADY LOVE YOU—Tease her to love some one else.

A little six-year-old was sitting in repose, one evening, upon the parlor steps, with a base-ball in his hand, gazing intently at the moon. "Pa!" he suddenly spoke, "is there only one man in the moon?" "That's the tradition, my son; the man in the moon is the only inhabitant of that bright world we have ever heard of." After a moment's pause he remarked, with a sigh, "He must be lonesome, pa, and no one to play base-ball with!"

A MODEL HUSBAND.

He walks out with his wife on a week-day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterward. He is not above carrying a large bundle or a cotton umbrella, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first to knock at the door when it is raining. He goes outside if the cab is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He gets up in the night to rock the cradle or answer the door-bell. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly by a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to the Central Park. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of "blowing up" any of the servants than of ordering the dinner. He is innocent of a latch-key. He lets the family go out of town once every year while he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown Holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a char-woman to wait on him. He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually.

NOT QUITE SUITED.

Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a business man, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, and he says, "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Pitts is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself, "I am getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities would not let him wait, so off he travels, and, calling upon a lady friend, opened conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially, and politically, of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded, "Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any body that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A French woman once said that she never loved any thing. "You loved your children," suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds?" "Oh dear, yes, when they are large!"

IN THE MELTING MOOD—The weather.

HINTS FOR MODEL BELLES.

Always "have a bad cold" when you are asked to sing.

Always cry at a wedding, but don't faint.

Be sure to be "engaged" if you don't like your partner.

Never faint unless a gentleman stands near enough to catch you before you have had time to fall.

When you go shopping always take ma along to carry the bundles.

Keep a poodle.

If pa does bad grammar, and is rather queer and vulgar, always turn him out of the room before the company arrives at your evening parties.

Always dress on the principle that the men do not want to marry the woman, but a bundle of dry-goods.

If these rules do not make a fashionable belle, and spoil the woman for any good and useful purpose under the sun, we can not tell how to do it.

A conceited coxcomb, with a very patronizing air, called out to an Irish laborer, "Here, you bog-trotter, come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I will treat you to a glass of whisky." "By my word," said Pat, "an' yer Honor's a gentleman."

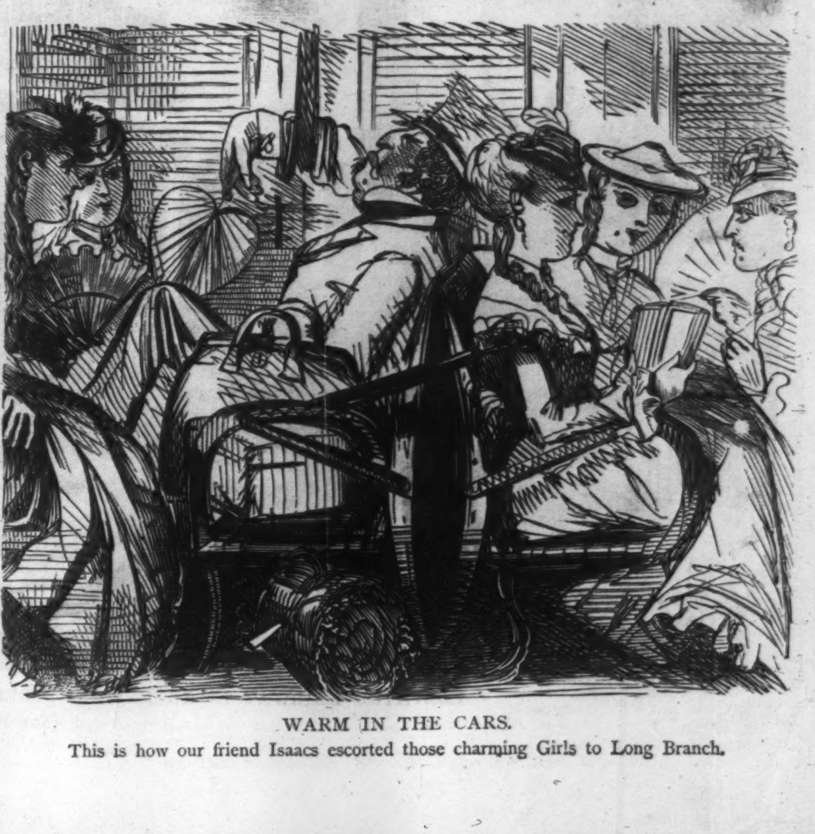
"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

A fly in some treacle had feasted until he
Had blinded himself and was perfectly silly,
Then stagger'd and fell in a flame that was near,
Which scorch'd his bright wings and half kill'd him
with fear.
The moral for this little tale I propose is—
"Even sweetness and light we must have in small
doses."

A contemporary opens a grave article on explosives with the following words:

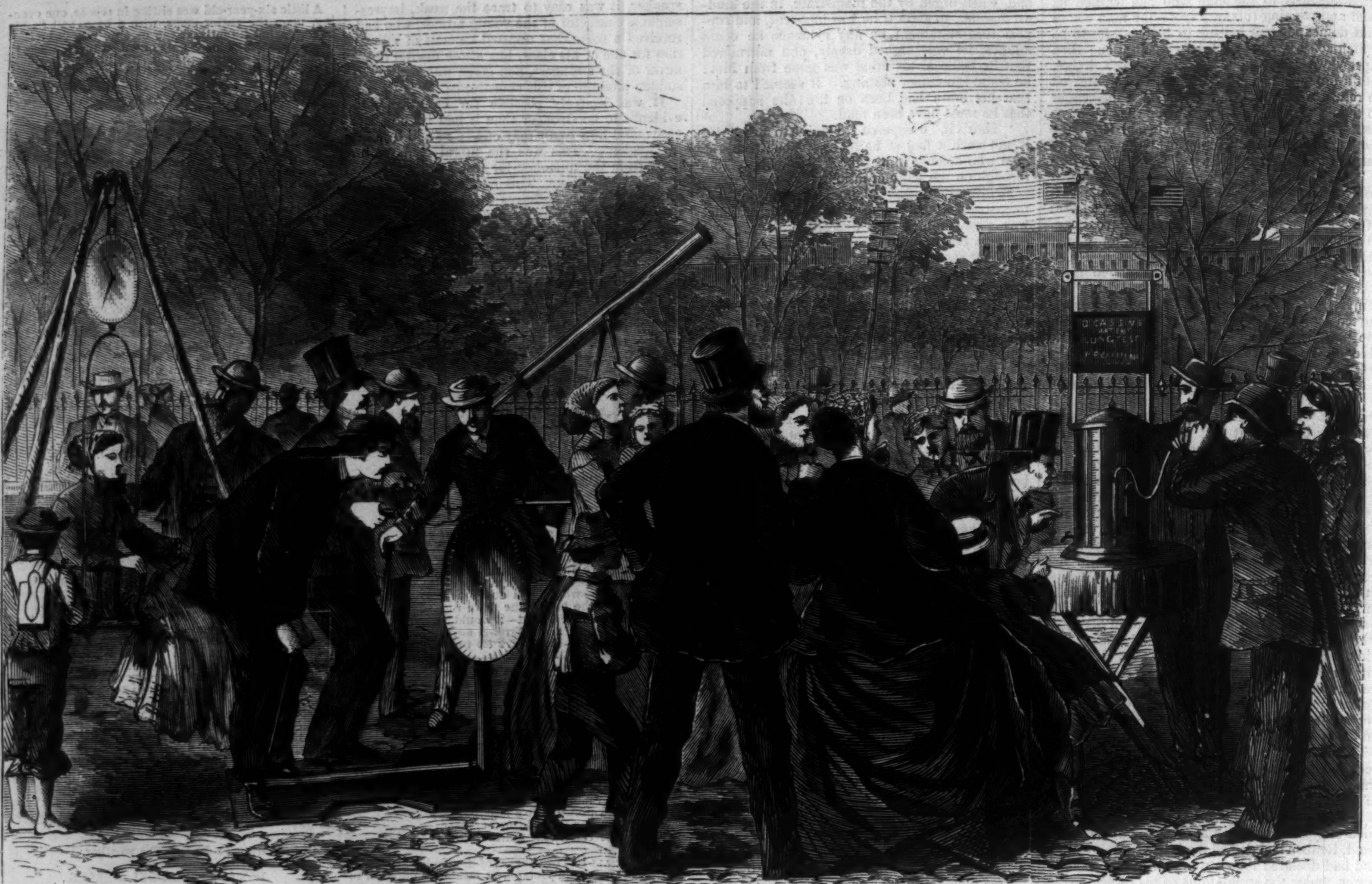
"We have had a committee sitting for several years on 'gun-cotton.'"

Well, all we can say is that, considering the material, we wonder they haven't long ago furnished a report.

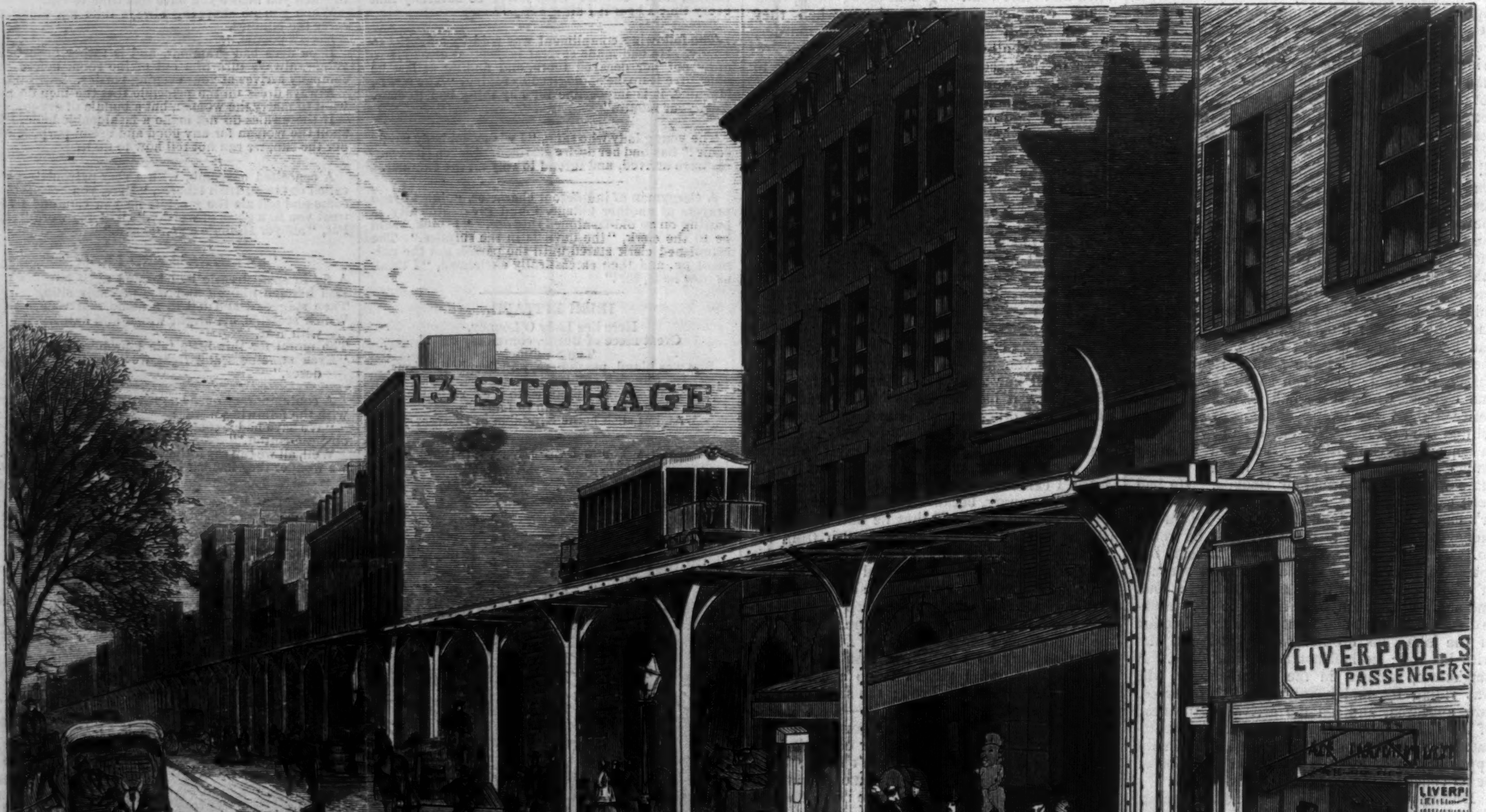


WARM IN THE CARS.

This is how our friend Isaacs escorted those charming Girls to Long Branch.



SCENE IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.
[SEE PAGE 477.]


13 STORAGE
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ELEVATED RAILWAY IN GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.
[SEE PAGE 477.]

SCENES IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

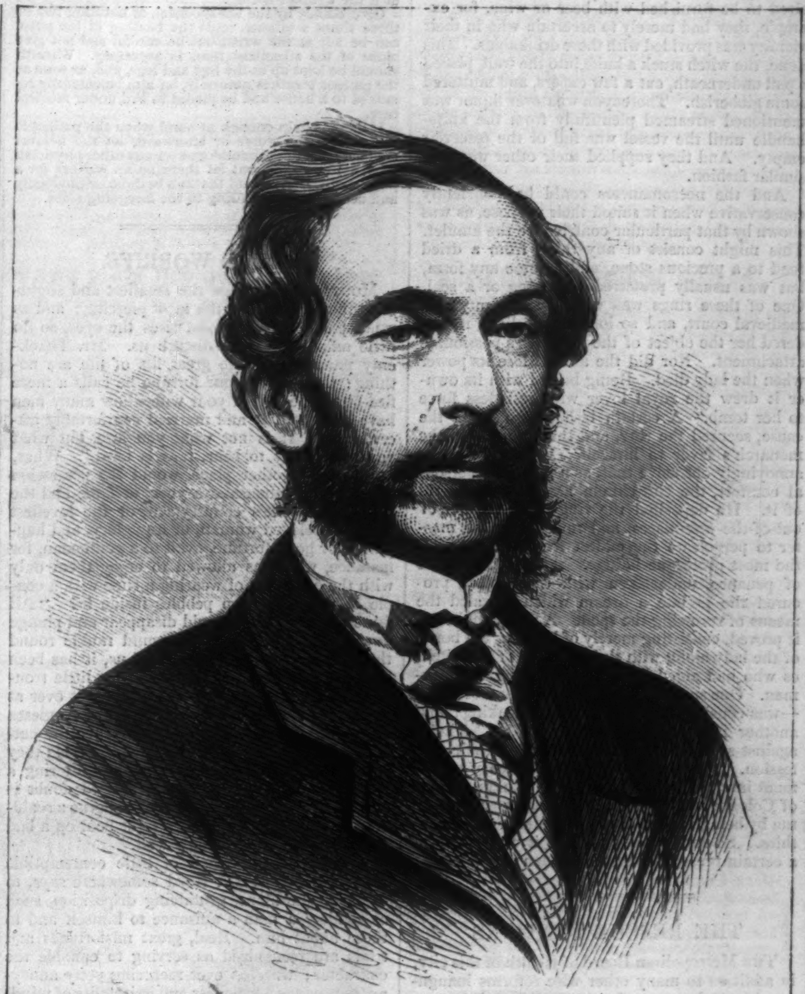
Immediately in front of the *Times* and *Tribune* offices in Printing-House Square there are to be found on all days, and almost at all hours, a motley congregation of street peddlers, auctioneers, etc., and their customers. One frequenter of the Square owns a telescope, with which he invites passers-by to view the heavens at the small cost of five cents; another has a pair of scales, on which, for the same sum, one can learn his weight; others have various patent machines for testing and trying the lungs; while there are others with paper, pea-nut, and various other stands. The scene, as portrayed on page 476, presents a phase of metropolitan life not uninteresting to the city or country reader.

THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

A trial trip of the new elevated railway in Greenwich Street was had on July 3, and the rapid speed which was attained on that occasion leads the friends of the enterprise to hope that the problem of rapid and safe locomotion through the crowded streets of the city has been solved. Our illustration on page 476 will give the reader an idea of this new style of railway. It is now in running order from the Battery to Cortlandt Street, and, with the present machinery, the cars can be propelled, with little jar and oscillation, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. This speed was attained on this occasion; but the experiment thus far has developed many facts and improvements which will be added, and thus enable the projector to run the cars at a much more rapid rate.

This work was begun July 2, 1867, $100,000 being subscribed for the experiment. The State Commissioners, on July 1, 1868, reported in its favor, declaring it a success, and the Governor authorized the completion of the road from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvel, and the work is to be at once hastened to completion. The Directors promise to finish it to the Thirtieth Street dépôt of the Hudson River Railroad by the first of 1869.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.



HON. JOHN A. GRISWOLD, OF NEW YORK.—[Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington.]

The Republican Convention, which met at Syracuse on July 8, nominated Hon. John A. Griswold, of Rensselaer County, whose portrait we give on this page, as the candidate of the party for Governor of this State.

Mr. Griswold was born in this State in 1822, and educated to the mercantile profession. He has been Mayor of the city of Troy, and a member of Congress for the last three terms. He entered Congress as a Democrat in 1862, being elected in a strongly Republican district by a large majority. He was throughout his term an earnest advocate of the war. He gave a small fortune out of his private purse to equip volunteers and for the support of the families of soldiers. One of the most distinguished of the cavalry regiments of this State was named after him. It was largely through his patriotism and enterprise that the first *Monitor* was launched and taken to Fortress Monroe in time to oppose and destroy the great rebel ram *Merrimac.* His vigorous support of Mr. Lincoln's administration and its war measures increased his popularity at home, and he was returned to Congress by increased majorities in 1864 and 1866. His majority in 1862 was 1287; in 1864 it was 2223; and in 1866 it amounted to 5316. His home paper, the Troy *Times*, says of him: "Mr. Griswold is, in the largest sense of the word, a true man. Quick to perceive, and remarkably apt and ready in execution, he possesses administrative abilities of the first order, and is very sure to direct them with prudence as well as vigor. He is a good judge of men as well as of measures, and evinces the strong common-sense which, after all, is the basis of success in statesmanship as well as in human enterprises."

IN THE GARDEN.

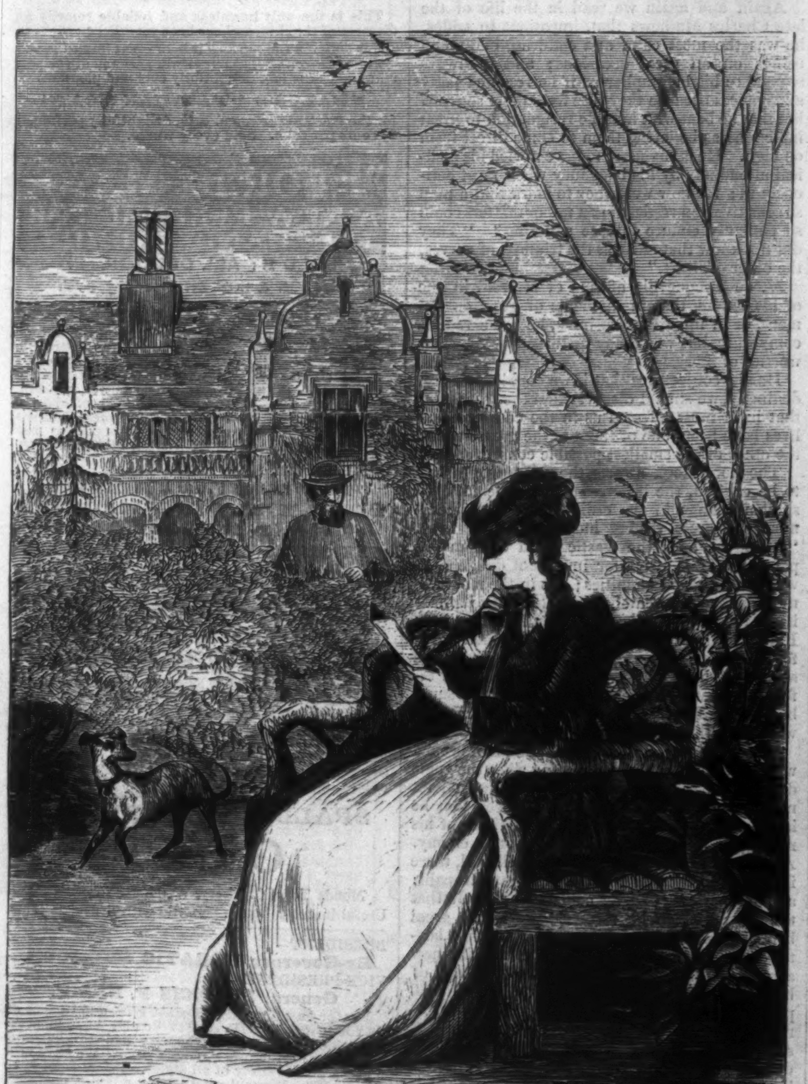
There she sits! The arching trees
  Cast their trellis shade before her,
As it passes by, the breeze
  Murmurs admiration o'er her,
Odorous with a sweet perfume;
  All for her the summer bringing
Flowers with beauty, youth, and bloom!
  All for her the song-birds singing!

Mistress she of all around!
  Than the fair scene round her fairer!
Rose, that decks her hair, you're found
  Less sweet than your lovely wearer!
Linnet, sing, and zephyr, see,
  Sweeping down that garden shady,
If throughout the world there be
  One more bonny than your lady!

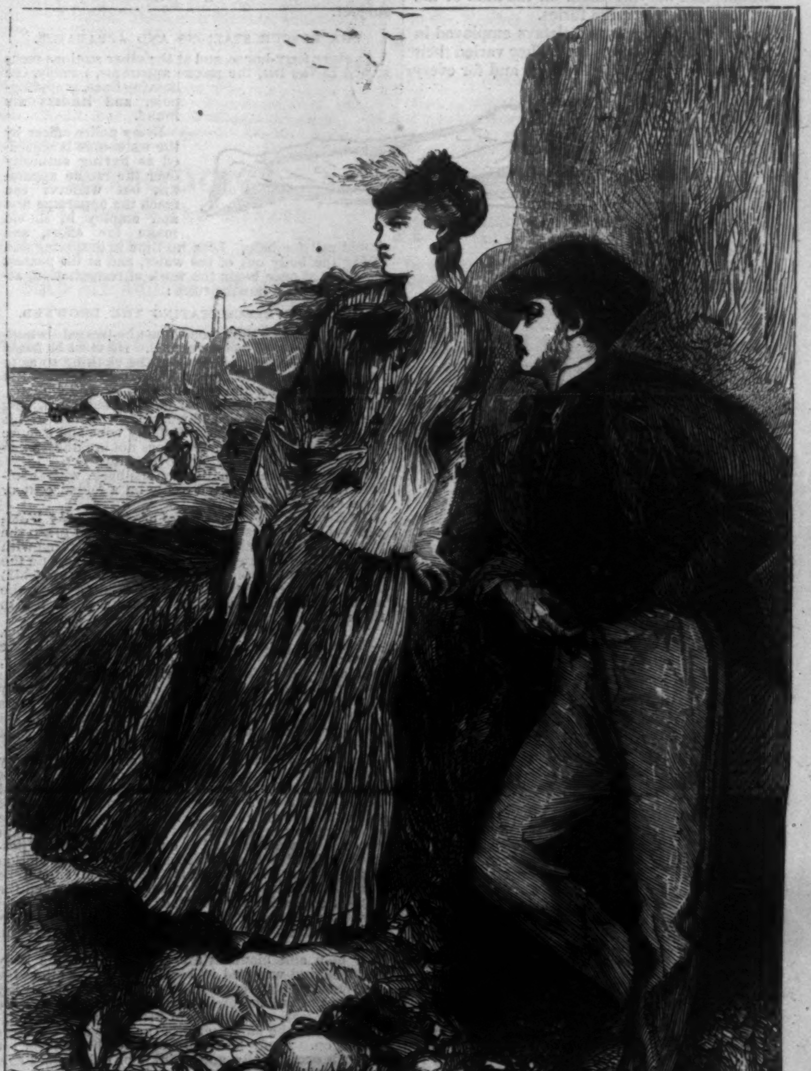
Look, beyond, the gabled wall
  Of yon mansion hoar and olden,
Owns her heiress of the hall,
  Lighted with the sunshine golden!
Carlo, as he nestles by,
  Verily seems jealous of her;
Sunbeams, as you past her fly
  Keep a constant watch above her.

Very studious! see her bend
  Gently o'er a thrice-kissed letter!
Who each cherished line has penned?
  Can it be, in golden fetter
Some one holds that pure, young heart?
  Or perchance some girlish friend, or
Sister long held far apart,
  Is the writer and the sender?

Hark! a step; and, with a bound,
  Carlo leaves his place beside her,
Hearing, quick as sight, the sound,
  Careful lest some ill betide her!
Soon he sees the step is *his:*
  Whisper, gently, breeze above her,
Whisper "Unexpected 'tis,
  'Tis the writer and her *lover!*"



IN THE GARDEN.



BY THE MURMURING OF THE SEA.—[See Poem, Page 478.]

BY THE MURMURING OF THE SEA.

See Illustration on page 477.

WHEN I think of the days of my youth that are gone,
I could break my heart; from my life's froze lea
Has faded the flower of the hours, and done
Is the song I heard by the sea.

I shall spend such a time, ah, never more!
I think I was in it from earth set free,
And fetter'd again, when I saw the shore
No longer, nor heard the sea.

Or is it the cheat of memory brings
Despair, as sweet as a reverie,
For the days that are dead, that were bright as the wings
In the sunlight, over the sea?

I forgot the world in that morning dream,
And a dull, long vengeance life wreaks on me;
And thrice as sweet is what sweet did seem
By the murmuring of the sea.

When fragrant round me are memory's flowers,
I walk among men disdainfully.
Golden, indeed, are these traders' hours,
But not like mine by the sea.

The mood came on me to-day; my feet
Fared up the town, but my soul did flee
From the sordid murmuring of the street
To the murmuring of the sea.

And I was wild for the idle days—
I, whose set life is now more praiseworthy
Than it was when, younger, I watch'd the bays
Grow bright, grow dark, of the sea.

For the idle days when I found a love,
And lost her again; and I wonder if she
Thinks that *her* oasis had cliffs above,
And wings, and was by the sea.

But I—oh, is it because thou art lost
That I pine, my love, so much for thee?—
That my soul has arms to embrace the ghost
Of the days that went by the sea?

Yet who would again live his best time o'er,
That was spent upon blowing hill, maybe,
Or in breathless dale, or, as mine, on the shore
By the murmuring of the sea?

FREAKS OF THE WITCHES.

THE witches had countless mischievous contrivances for every possible purpose. A decoction made of a toad baptized by the name of John, and fed on consecrated wafers, was thrown under a farmer's table by a witch at Soissons, and all who sat round the board died immediately. Sand thrown into the air raised the wind; water similarly used brought down rain. So late as 1716 a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, the latter aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for raising a storm by turning their stockings inside out and making a lather of soap. The hags of Lapland and their sisters of the Isle of Man were accustomed to sell seamen cords with three knots on each. When the first was untied a gentle breeze arose, a strong gale followed the opening of the second, and a furious hurricane the loosing of the third. Ruin was brought down by inscribing plates of lead with magical devices and imprecations, and burying them on the land of the person thus devoted to the furies.

But the witches were not always employed in distributing ruin and murder. They varied their amusements with a little plunder; and for every act they had a settled formula. When they desired to be furnished with beer or wine, for example, they had merely to ascertain who in their vicinity was provided with these drinkables. This done, the witch stuck a knife into the wall, placed a pail underneath, cut a few capers, and muttered some gibberish. Thereupon whatever liquor was mentioned streamed plentifully from the knife-handle until the vessel was full or the reservoir empty. And they supplied their other wants in similar fashion.

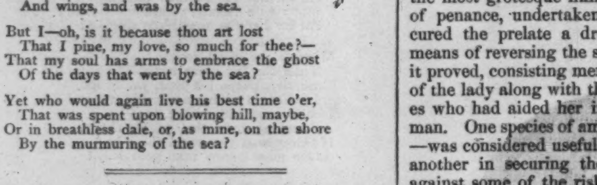
And the necromancers could be sufficiently conservative when it suited their purpose, as was shown by that particular contrivance the amulet. This might consist of any thing from a dried toad to a precious stone, and assume any form, but was usually preferred as a ring or a seal. One of these rings was worn by a beauty at a medieval court, and so long as she lived it rendered her the object of the monarch's passionate attachment. Nor did the amulet lose its power when the lady died. Being buried with its owner it drew the royal lover with resistless force to her tomb. A certain bishop, suspecting the cause, secured the ring, and thus transferred the monarch's favor to himself. But it proved so annoyingly obtrusive that, as a matter of personal comfort, the churchman hastened to get rid of it. He deposited the ring in all manner of out-of-the-way places, and thus caused his master to perpetrate the oddest freaks and exhibit the most grotesque likings. At length a course of penance, undertaken with that object, procured the prelate a dream which revealed the means of reversing the spell. A very simple one it proved, consisting merely of burning the bones of the lady along with the survivors of the witches who had aided her in constructing the talisman. One species of amulet—the Hand of Glory—was considered useful in house-breaking; and another in securing the clerks of St. Nicholas against some of the risks attached to their profession. The latter consisted of a piece of parchment inscribed with the names of the three kings of Cologne, and endowed with the necessary virtue by being rubbed over the skulls of these worthies. So long as it was worn it was esteemed a certain preservative from sudden death.

THE RESCUE STATIONS.

THE Metropolitan Board of Health of this city, in addition to many other wise reforms inaugurated by it, has manufactured a life-saving apparatus, established a large number of rescue stations, and published the rules adopted by the Board for the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. In order to give a wider circulation to these important instructions, with which all persons ought to make themselves acquainted, we reproduce the rules as published by the Board, together with three engravings illustrative of the subject.

THE RESCUE STATIONS AND APPARATUS.

At every ferry-house, and at the other stations mentioned in the list, the rescue apparatus, namely, the heaving lines, grappling-pole, and ladders are found.



Every police officer by the water-side is regarded as having authority over the rescue apparatus, but whoever can reach the apparatus first and employ it, should make the effort, and should call for help. Lose no time in grappling and lifting the body out of the water, and at the nearest dry place at once begin the work of resuscitation, according to the following rules:

RULES FOR RESUSCITATING THE DROWNED.

Remember that the patient must be treated instantly and on the spot where rescued. He must be freely exposed to the open air; loosen the clothing so as to freely expose the neck and chest. All persons not needed for saving him should avoid crowding about.

Let the throat and mouth be cleansed, by placing the patient gently face downward, with one of his wrists under his forehead. Quickly wipe and cleanse the mouth, and if the patient does not breathe, immediately begin the following movements:

Posture.—Place the patient on his back, with shoulders raised and supported easily on a folded coat or some kind of pillow.

To Keep up a Free Entrance of Air into the Windpipe.—Let one person at the patient's head grasp the tongue gently and firmly with his fingers covered with a bit of handkerchief, and drawing it out beyond the lips; then either hold it or press the under jaw (chin) up so as to retain the tongue protruding from the mouth; but it is better to hold it in that position with the hand.

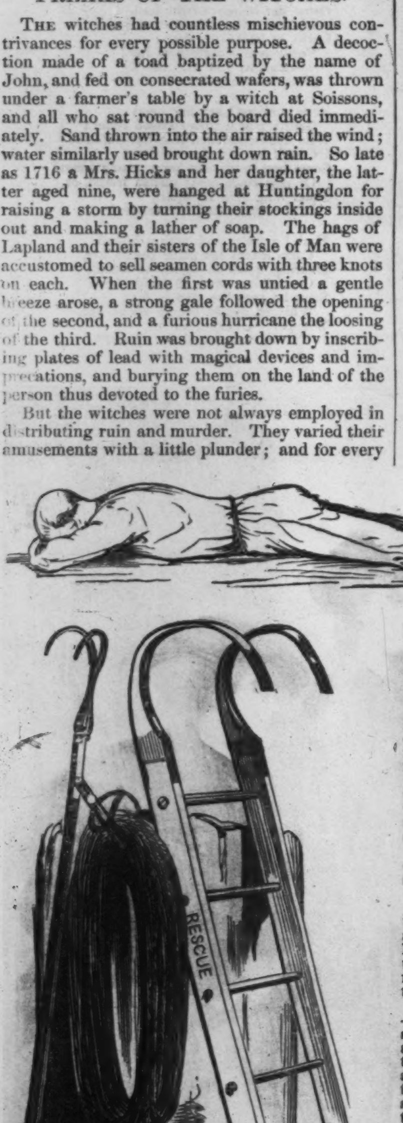
To Produce and Imitate the Movements of Breathing.—Raise the patient's extended arms upward to the sides of his head, and then pull them steadily, firmly, and slowly outward and forward. Next turn down the arms by the patient's sides and bring them closely and firmly across the pit of the stomach and press them and the sides and front of the chest gently but strongly for a moment, then quickly begin to repeat the first movement.

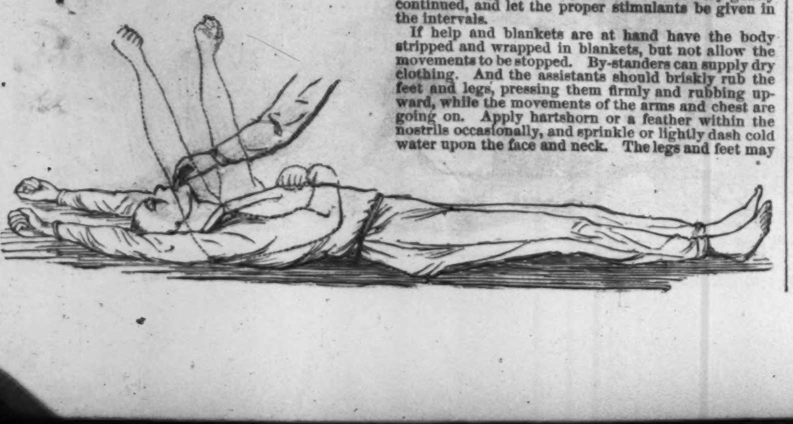
Let those two kinds of movements be made very deliberately and without ceasing until the patient breathes, and let the two movements be repeated about twelve or fifteen times in a minute, but not more rapidly, remembering that to thoroughly fill the lungs with air is the object of the first or upward and outward movement; and to expel as much air as possible is the object of the second or downward motion and pressure. This artificial respiration should be steadily kept up for forty minutes or more when the patient appears not to breathe; and after the natural breathing begins let the same motion be very gently continued, and let the proper stimulants be given in the intervals.

If help and blankets are at hand have the body stripped and wrapped in blankets, but not allow the movements to be stopped. By-standers can supply dry clothing. And the assistants should briskly rub the feet and legs, pressing them firmly and rubbing upward, while the movements of the arms and chest are going on. Apply hartshorn or a feather within the nostrils occasionally, and sprinkle or lightly dash cold water upon the face and neck. The legs and feet may be rubbed and wrapped in hot blankets if blue or cold, or if the weather is cold.

Give brandy by the tea-spoonful, or hot sling two or three times a minute, until the beating of the pulse can be felt at the wrist, but be careful and not give more of the stimulant than is necessary. Warmth should be kept up in the feet and legs, and, as soon as the patient breathes naturally, let him be carefully removed to a house and be placed in bed under medical care.

If there is help enough at hand when the patient is taken from the water or afterward, let the nearest medical officer in the catalogue (or any other physician near by) be called, but let there be no waiting for a physician. Do the best that can be done methodically and deliberately according to the foregoing rules.





LITTLE WORRIES.

MONTAIGNE declares the smallest and slightest annoyances to be the most piercing; and as small print, says he, most tires the eyes, so do little affairs the most disturb us. Mr. Thackeray protests that the great ills of life are nothing: the loss of your fortune he calls a mere flea-bite; the loss of your wife—how many men have supported it and married comfortably afterward? "It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear, that is hard." What, he asks in another place, would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman, or any glory, and happiness, or good fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? "All fame and happiness would disappear and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails." Not one of us, it has been asserted, but would exchange all his little troubles for some heavy one, and so have it over at once. And although the Marquis of Anglesea bore with the most heroic indifference the cutting off of his leg upon that wooden table they still show you at Waterloo, neither uttering a word nor moving a muscle, a shrewd doubt is suggested "whether he would have borne a scalded foot, or the infliction of a tight boot on a bad corn, for six weeks, equally well."

A constant succession of little contemptible worries tends, as Dr. Boyd somewhere says, to foster a querulous, grumbling disposition, such as renders a man a nuisance to himself and to those about him. Real, great misfortunes and trials are recognized as serving to ennoble the character; whereas ever-recurring petty annoyances produce a littleness and irritability of mind. "To meet great misfortunes we gather up our endurance, and pray for Divine support and guidance; but as for small blisters—the *insect cares* (as James Montgomery called them)—of daily life, we are very ready to think that they are too little to trouble the Almighty with them, or even to call up our fortitude to face them."

Again and again we read in the life of the late Charles Mathews that, impatient in trifles, he was the most calm and enduring of human beings on all great occasions; and it always seemed to his biographer as if he resented petty annoyances because they rose from petty sources, but that he bent with humble resignation to great inflictions as believing them to come direct from on high. He is supposed to have misled his medical attendants by his buoyancy when most seriously ill; for how were they to know that a man so sensitive and restless upon minor matters could so patiently endure intense suffering? "They did not know that one was the triumph of nerves, the other of heart."

M. de Tocqueville affirms of himself, in one of his letters, that in moments of great excitement, or of important business, he preserved his composure, but was easily disturbed by the daily worries of life.

Hazlitt conjectures that if we could remember distinctly, we should discover that the two things that have most affected us in the course of our lives have been, one of them of the greatest, and the other of the smallest possible consequence.

Theodore Hook asserts the strongest feelings to be excited, the bitterest pangs inflicted, by a sudden change in the ordinary, the most common, the most trifling incidents of our lives. "To great evils the elastic mind of man expands—it knits itself for imminent dangers—it withstands great calamities; but in the more minute changes intimately connected with its habits and feelings it fails." Certain it is, moralizes Plutarch, that men usually repudiate their wives for great and visible faults; but he traces at the same time a prodigious amount of marriage *in*felicity to petty points of temper, and those small but frequent discordances of taste and manner which fret the tenor of daily life.

Some men, says Jeremy Taylor, are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he had to contend with a potent enemy. About a large sorrow, it has been well said, there is an excitement which sensibly mitigates its pain: a man may not exactly confess to himself that the notice which he receives after some great bereavement is pleasant; but the flurry and bustle of receiving condolence, and of making new arrangements, do nevertheless dull the edge of his suffering; for the pertinacity with which people talk of all the circumstances of a great sorrow is reasonably alleged as proof that there is some balm in the operation—just as the poor indemnify themselves for an abscess or a broken limb by the pleasure of showing the place to every one who comes to see them. Whereas to the petty miseries of daily life there is no set-off of this kind. "They raise no excitement, they give no importance, they furnish no materials for gossip with a friend. Each of them, at the time it inflicts its minute puncture, brings with it the provoking suggestion that it is too paltry a matter for a man to annoy himself about; and the vexation is only aggravated by the shame which the sufferer feels in thinking over it."

One of Charles de Bernard's sententious husbands has this much to tax his wife withal, seemingly perfect as she is to outsiders—that faults she has, though he confesses them to be light ones; but then they exist, and pin-pricks befall one oftener than poniard-stabs.

Women are more especially liable to the restraints, and exactions, and pains, and penalties of conventional law; and of these Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, that the sum total would probably exceed that of all others. For, he holds, that could we add up the trouble, the cost, the jealousies, vexations, misunderstandings, the loss of time, and the loss of pleasure which these conventionalities entail, and could clearly realize the extent to which we are all daily hampered by them, daily enslaved by them, we should, perhaps, come to the conclusion that the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy is worse than any other tyranny we suffer from.

The pith of the whole subject is contained in Byron's assertion, that

> "Our least of sorrows are such as we weep:
> 'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
> The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares."

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EXTRACT from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, PIERRE M. IRVING, vol. IV., page 272:

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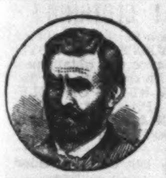

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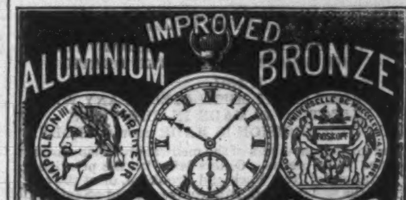

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